

**MARCH
12
1952**

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No. 5812

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4

Blissful days on the coasts of **FRANCE**

Even with the £25 travel allowance, good bathing, warm sunshine and excellent food may be enjoyed along the coasts of France.

In Brittany (Côtes-du-Nord, Finistère, Morbihan) for example, good simple accommodation may be had for £1 a day upwards all inclusive, out of season. Take advantage of these terms to lengthen your holiday.

Consult your TRAVEL AGENT
or write for the Seaside Booklet to

FRENCH GOVERNMENT
TOURIST OFFICE
179, Piccadilly, London, W.1

The cost of travel is NOT
deducted from your allowance.



"I said
**Nine Elms—
PAINT!"**

NINE ELMS GENUINE
WHITE LEAD PAINT &
COLOURS

• NINE ELMS WATER PAINT

• CEILINGITE

• FARMILOE'S HARD GLOSS

• NINE ELMS VARNISHES

If you say "paint"—paint it is! If you say "NINE ELMS PAINT" you get the finest Pure Paint Products in the world, made in a century-old tradition of lasting beauty and durability. NINE ELMS is always specified by those who know that the only true economy is Quality.

T. & W. Farmiloe's
NINE ELMS
pure paint products

A TRADE MARK AS GOOD AS A BOND
T. & W. Farmiloe Ltd, Rochester Row, London, S.W.1

Smartness doesn't end with clothes....



only ANTLER soft-top
"personal" cases can add that final
touch of elegance. They're light,
so finely finished, sensibly
styled, with lovely linings to enhance
discreet colours. Yes, they're
surprisingly reasonable in price.

ask for

ANTLER

from ANTLER Authorized DEALERS



J. B. BROOKS & CO LTD BIRMINGHAM, 3



*Steady Service
down the years*

Riggs
SHEETS

*For particulars to Riggs Sheets, Every Bedstead,
write to the firm of the Riggs Sheet Co. Ltd.*

RIGGS BROS LTD, 30 BARKER ST, MANCHESTER 1



HAVE YOU A BRUTE OF A BOILER?

If you have, out with it!
**The AGAMATIC is the sweetest-tempered
boiler you can buy**

WHAT SHOULD a water-heater do? Get on with the job: heat water. Nothing else.

It should not clog itself with clinkers, gurgle and go out. Not scorch your fingers and skin your knuckles. Not smother the place in dust and ashes, and play Old Harry when a man's come home from work.

That sort of thing's disgraceful. And quite unnecessary in these days of the Agamatic.

With the Agamatic water-heater, none of these things happen. The Agamatic never need go out at all. Hot water is ready and waiting, day and night. No effort. No mess. No tantrums to cosset and coax.

How is this possible? For two main reasons:

1. The special circular grate

makes riddling much less frequent, far more effective.

2. The thermostat does all the adjusting for you, automatically. No dampers. All the hot water you want, whenever you want it, and as hot as you can stand it.

You can have four baths every hour if you want to — or just two a day.

Then think of insulation. Waste of heat is waste of fuel. The outside of the Agamatic is quite cool. The heat goes into the water, where it should go. No dust or ash can fly out either. The room with an Agamatic in it is a room you can relax in.

Less money to pay, less work to do, no worry. The Agamatic costs £45 ex works. That is a very reasonable price.



We are short of every kind of fuel — solid fuel, electricity and gas. But official opinion favours solid fuel for water heating and space heating. The Agamatic runs best on smokeless fuel, but if you are stuck it will still give you more hot water more easily on any fuel you can lay your hands on — coal, wood, peat or old boots. Even if you do have to let your boiler out, the Agamatic is still easier to re-light, gives you hot water more quickly and never wastes a single nugget of fuel.

Find out all you can about this wonder-working water-heater. Send a postcard for the illustrated leaflet full of facts and figures on the

AGAMATIC

Do it now. The address is

AGA HEAT LIMITED, 102, Orchard House, Orchard Street, W.1

The Agamatic is another splendid fuel-economy appliance from the Allied Ironfounders Group.

The word 'Agamatic' is a registered trade mark of Aga Heat Ltd.

WHY YOU SHOULD CHOOSE PROJECTION TELEVISION

Big picture giving maximum enjoyment



In theory, there is no limit to the size of picture with Projection Television — but, of course, if the picture becomes too large it is unsuitable for normal home use. The picture on the latest Philips Projection receiver is therefore 16 inches by 12 — the ideal size for the average home, so that you, your family and friends can sit back and enjoy the programmes in maximum comfort.

Flat picture right to the edge of the screen



There are definite reasons why Philips Projection gives the best picture:—(1) The screen is flat right to the edge — which prevents all false curves or distortion as well as irritating reflections from lamps, windows or other objects in the room. (2) There is no glare — due to the fact that you don't have to look directly at the source of light, and also because on the dark screen it is not necessary to have such intense whites to achieve tone contrasts. (3) The gradations of tone are much more subtle. Now, therefore, with Philips Projection you can enjoy for the first time in your home the sort of picture you have been used to all your life on the cinema screen.

Big picture in comparatively small cabinet

Philips Projection Television also gives the most economical picture, costing less per square inch of screen than any direct viewing model. It is economical of space, too — since it gives a big picture in a comparatively small cabinet. And, of course, the workmanship and materials throughout are of the highest quality. As always, Philips is the name you can trust.



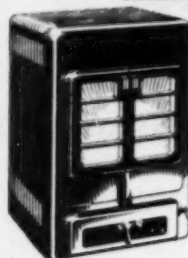
PHILIPS PROJECTION TELEVISION

DEPENDABLE RADIO • 'PHOTOFLUX' FLASHBULBS • LAMPS AND LIGHTING EQUIPMENT • SOUND AMPLIFYING INSTALLATIONS • 'PHILISHAVE' ELECTRIC SHAVERS • CINEMA PROJECTORS • CYCLE DYNAMO LIGHTING SETS • RECORDING APPARATUS, ETC.

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.2

A WARM WELCOME in the Hall

A "Sunray" Stove in the hall will keep your whole house warm — economically and efficiently.



FREE STANDING MODEL. Inset also available. Both types with or without Boiler.

Stays in overnight. ★ Burns all types of solid fuels. ★ Simple to instal. ★ Metallic windows do not soot up. ★ Easily cleaned bright vitreous enamel or lustre finishes. ★ Constant hot water if a back boiler is fitted. ★ Unrestricted radiation with fire doors open. ★ Burning rate easy to control.

Ask your Ironmonger or Builders Merchant for further details, or write to us for an illustrated leaflet.

SUNRAY

Stove

SLOW COMBUSTION



IDEAL FOR HALLS, LIVING ROOMS, GARAGES
WORKSHOPS, RESTAURANTS AND SHOPS

GRANGEMOUTH IRON CO., LTD., FALKIRK



THE USUAL, SIR?

BOYS OLD HETHERS

How long have you been drinking it, Sir? Twenty years, if it's a day. And never anything but Robinson's. Well Sir, that's a testimonial if ever there was one—and you a doctor, too.

Robinson's

Lemon or Orange

BARLEY WATER



WOMEN IN THE FACTORY NEED HELP IN THE HOME



CONSTANTLY the call comes for more women to work in industry, to increase production both for rearmament and for the export drive.

But if a woman is to work in a factory and at the same time run a home, she needs the best possible labour saving equipment for her domestic duties.

We at Hoover Limited derive satisfaction from knowing that our electric cleaners are doing so much to relieve unnecessary domestic drudgery; and we are proud that their average retail price, exclusive of purchase tax, is only 30% higher than before the war, although both quality and design have been improved. We are equally proud of our popularly-priced electric washing machine, specially designed for the very small as well as the larger home.

We look forward to the day when, with free supplies of raw materials available, we shall be able to maintain maximum production of both cleaners and washing machines. It is our aim to supply these essential pieces of equipment at the earliest occasion to all housewives at the lowest possible prices.



HOOVER LIMITED

Makers of Electric Cleaners, Washing Machines, Polishers,
P.H.P. Motors, Commutators, etc.

Factories at: PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX · HERTHYR TYDFIL,
SOUTH WALES · CAMBUSLANG, SCOTLAND · HIGH WYCOMBE, BUCKS.



Happy, healthy
and above all, safe in

Chilprufe

for CHILDREN

CHILPRUFE
IS
PURE WOOL
MADE
PERFECT

Also new ranges of TAILORED COATS for
children and delightful OUTERWEAR for
infants and young children. Write for catalogue.

* CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER



A room with a view . . . a room above
all others to furnish with beautiful
things . . . fit setting for fine furnishings.

Grafton Furnishings

F. W. Grafton & Co. Ltd., St. James's Buildings, Oxford Street, Manchester, 1.





FAMEL⁺ is the finest first-aid for COUGHS

... And at bedtime, give children Famel in Hot Milk—a delicious way to ensure a cough-free night's rest for them—and for you!

Ask too, for FAMEL THROAT PASTILLES—they have the authentic FAMEL quality. From all chemists.

✚ FAMEL COUGH SYRUP provides a safe and sure relief for your child's cough. A pure, scientific preparation. Many children love it, so it's easy to give. 2/6, 3/9 and 7/6.



Warm Welcome

There is an air of gracious hospitality about a Bratt Colbran fireplace. Friendliness has been built into it by craftsmen of many trades: cabinet makers, marble masons, expert workers in metals. These men are artists who have real feeling for the fine materials they use. Many examples of their work can be seen at the address below.

BRATT COLBRAN LIMITED, 10 MORTIMER STREET, LONDON, W.1
The 'Hooped' Fire • Portcullis Gas Fires • Solectra Electric Fires
Scottish Showrooms: A. Caldwell Young & Son, 200 St. Vincent St., Glasgow, C.2

Draughts eat YOUR Fuel!



... and waste of fuel, and loss of warmth is General Winter's order of the day.

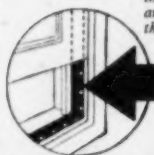
To cut down waste and make every ounce of fuel go further; to ensure the maximum of warmth from every ounce you burn—you MUST eliminate those draughts! We can banish them for good with HERMESEAL.

DRAUGHT-EXCLUSION BY HERMESEAL IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE MEANS JUST THIS—

- ★ PREVENTION of cold air leakage through ill-fitting doors and windows—the major cause of DRAUGHTS—by as much as 95%.
- ★ CONSERVATION of heat through the great reduction in the excess number of internal air changes.
- ★ SAVING of fuel, so vitally important these days, combined with a marked INCREASE in room temperature, and general living comfort.

We are at your service. May we send you full details? HERMESEAL consists of a specially designed strip of phosphor-bronze alloy which is fitted by our own technicians into any type of door or window. It is permanent and carries a ten year guarantee, and will more than repay its cost in a few winter seasons.

Our local representative will be pleased to call.



HERMESEAL

means warmer homes

BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD.

Head Office: 4, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: GROsvener 4324 (3 lines)

'Your teeth
should last all your life—
if you do your part'



You can keep your own natural teeth all your life—if you help the dentist take care of them. Regular night and morning brushing is essential—and a Tek does the job thoroughly! Buy a Tek—use it daily—and you'll have done your part.

keep your own
teeth with

Tek



A Johnson & Johnson PRODUCT

TEK Pure Bristle • TEK Nylon • TEK 'SJ' • TEK Junior for children

Another health hint—Johnson's Handkerchief Tissues are always handy



Who *wouldn't* drink his milk?

ALL CHILDREN need milk; but there's no denying it, children do sometimes set their faces against milk; even making special faces for the purpose.

Mother tried everything, including bribery. Then one day, a friend said "Give him Milo". Now Mother mixes two teaspoons of Milo with his milk, and Godfrey takes it without a murmur. He not only takes it, he asks for it. He likes its delicious chocolate flavour.

Though Godfrey doesn't know it, he is now taking added full-cream milk, with the extra benefit of the essential goodness which Milo provides to make him grow strong and sturdy.



Today much is known, more than ever before, about the human body, how it works, and what it needs to maintain energy and health. Milo is prepared with full benefit of this advanced knowledge.



4 lb. 1/6
2 lb. 2/6
1 lb. 4/6

MILO

Cup of Health
to strengthen the young and comfort the old

And it is made by NESTLÉ'S

Compare
and you'll
choose



it's so much better!

- Unique patented Y-Front support construction.
- Superlative waistband of multi-lactron threads.
- No buttons . . . no tapes.
- Easily washed; no ironing necessary.

Also in Midways (short legs) and short sleeved vests.

Obtainable from leading men's shops and stores throughout the country.

★ BE
HIP-TAPE
FITTED
For complete
comfort.

Made in Great Britain exclusively by
LYLE AND SCOTT LTD., OF NEWICK, SCOTLAND, & IDEAL HOUSE, ARGYLL ST., LONDON, W.1

THERE'S NO DOUBT GIRLING SERVICE IS WAY OUT AHEAD
WHEREVER YOU ARE YOU'RE
ONLY A PHONE CALL'S DISTANCE



There's a local agent
in your district
employing factory
trained personnel and
specially equipped to
deal efficiently with
every service requirement
using only genuine
GIRLING SPARES

gromp

WARNING
"Use only Girling Wakefield
chromium brake fluid. The use of
alternative fluid will not only
render our guarantee null and
void but can make your brakes
ineffective by destroying the
rubber seals."

GIRLING
THE BEST BRAKES IN THE WORLD
SERVICE

GIRLING LTD. • KINGS RD. • TYSELEY • BHAM • 35

Firestone TYRES

are so
consistently good!



CAR TYRES • TRUCK TYRES • TRACTOR TYRES • CYCLE & MOTOR CYCLE TYRES

**FOR A WELL CUT
LAWN — INVEST
IN A RANSOMES**

The joy of a garden is enhanced by the velvety smoothness of its lawn. Beds and borders take on a new beauty when lawns have been cut by a RANSOMES—the Finest of all Mowers



Ransomes

Motor Mowers available with 2-stroke or 4-stroke engines from 12" upwards. Hand models to suit all requirements.

RANSOMES SIMS & JEFFERIES LIMITED • ORWELL WORKS • IPSWICH

A SUPERB BRANDY

*Known and enjoyed
by Connoisseurs
for more than a Century*

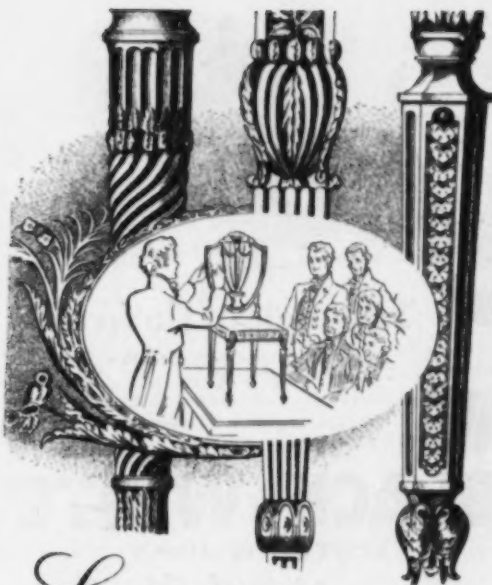
Also available — these
Rare old Liqueur Brandy
Fine Champagne
50 years old
Grande Champagne 1900
Fine Champagne
75 years old
Grande Fine Champagne
Res. Emp. Over a Century



SALIGNAC
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NOW OBTAINABLE LOCALLY

Sole Agents for Great Britain: B. B. HASON & CO. LTD., 64-4 Theatrical St. LONDON, E.C.1 and HULL.



LEADERSHIP

With his inspired use of graceful lines and superb materials, Thomas Sheraton brought new beauty and charm into countless homes. He was a leader in design and style.

FORD LEADERSHIP is in a different field, but the same regard is paid to the importance of perfection in design and materials. In these, as in all other aspects of 'Five-Star' Motoring, Ford Leadership is unassailable.

Ford Leadership is 'Five-Star' Leadership.



Ford

**MOTORING IS 'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING
THE BEST AT LOWEST COST ★★★★★**

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED • DAGENHAM



The pick of them all

Why do connoisseurs of Scotch Whisky name "Black & White" first? Because they know the special way "Black & White" is blended gives it a flavour and character all its own.

'BLACK & WHITE'

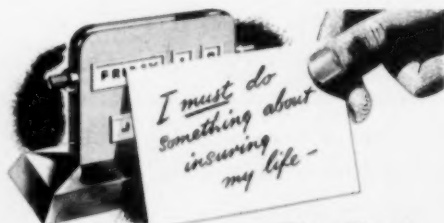
SCOTCH WHISKY

The Secret is in the Blending

By Appointment
to H.M. King George VI.



Scotch Whisky Distillers
James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.



WHEN you fill in the coupon below, you take the first step towards the soundest investment a man can have—a Life Policy with The London Assurance.

And the sooner you do this, the less it will cost you to get the policy you need, which our free informative booklet will help you to choose wisely.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE

Very good people to deal with

HAS IT OCCURRED

TO YOU? A moment's carelessness—and you may find yourself sued for damages of hundreds of pounds. But 10/- a year is all it costs to protect yourself with our Personal Liability Insurance. Interested? Then write YES beside this paragraph, and cut it out with the coupon.

THE LONDON ASSURANCE
1, King William Street, London, E.C.4
Please send me your booklet
"How to be well Assured"

Name
Address
W.I.

The first
thing to do
is to get
this book



SPRINGTIME IN ITALY

..... The marvellous re-awakening of nature in her cities, glittering gems in the history of art.



REDUCTIONS FOR TOURISTS ON THE COST OF RAILWAY TRAVEL AND PETROL. "TRAVEL AT WILL" RAILWAY TICKETS—PETROL COUPONS.

INFORMATION from: Italian State Tourist Office (E.N.I.T.), Regent Street 201 - London W.1 and all Travel Agencies.



GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.2

Obtainable from good Hatters all over the world



ALUMINIUM

ADORNED with rubies and sapphires from the Mogôk mines of Burma this Shan woman prepares her food. These jewels and the common clay of her ornate bowl are but a few of the many minerals containing aluminium. Though first isolated in 1826, it was not until 1886 that its production became commercially practicable. Most of the world's aluminium is now produced by dissolving an ore named bauxite in molten cryolite, a mineral obtained from Greenland, and passing an electric current through the solution. In combination with other metals such as magnesium or copper, aluminium forms light

alloys, some of which, though only about one third of the weight of steel, are just as strong and do not rust. The famous statue of Eros in Piccadilly Circus, one of the earliest large aluminium castings, shows no signs of corrosion after 40 years exposure to London smoke.

One of the largest factories producing wrought aluminium and its alloys in the form of sheet, strip, and extrusions is the I.C.I. works at Waunarlwydd in South

Wales. These go to help in the production of all manner of finished articles from saucepans to aeroplanes, scaffolding poles to ashtrays, motor car parts to egg cups.





Waste no time—
spend none of
your £25
foreign currency
en route.
— fly BEA.

NO TIPS, NO INCIDENTAL TRAVEL EXPENSES

fly BEA

Remember - money spent on a BEA fare STAYS INSIDE BRITAIN
BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



'Quality Sells'



The Distinctive Whisky in The Distinctive Bottle

DR. SANDERSON & SON LTD., QUALITY STREET, LEITH

London Office: 8ATH HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

Dividends from Reduced Overheads



The cheerful atmosphere in many a Board Room can be attributed to the considerable financial benefit derived from Remington Rand Mechanised Accounting.

Control and direction are greatly facilitated because Directors can get vital and accurate information at a glance.

Clerical and Office expenses are reduced because multiple tasks are combined in a single operation; much detailed checking is eliminated and balancing is a simple matter; peak periods are smoothed out and overtime obviated.

It costs nothing to investigate the possibilities. Remington Rand maintain a staff of specially

trained accountants, fully qualified to offer competent technical advice. They will gladly discuss accounting problems and draw up schemes to meet individual requirements. Surveys and advice are without obligation.

Write REMINGTON RAND LIMITED, Accounting Machine Division (AM.59), 1-19 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, or phone CHAncery 8888.



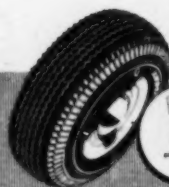
Remington Rand

ACCOUNTING MACHINES

Pay Big Dividends



— a tyre specially built to give exceptional mileage — introduced to satisfy to-day's need for safe, sensible economy.



INDIA
"The Finest Tyres Made"

NIFE BATTERIES

*repay their original cost
many times over*



Made of steel—container and plates—a NIFE battery has great mechanical strength. There is no deterioration of the plates, and no corrosion of terminals. In addition, even when discharging at the heaviest rates, a NIFE will give almost full capacity. Little maintenance is required. Install a NIFE—and years of trouble-free service will repay you handsomely for your investment.



- ★ STEEL CONSTRUCTION FOR LONG LIFE
- ★ COMPLETE RELIABILITY
- ★ LOW MAINTENANCE COSTS

NIFE
STEEL BATTERIES

NIFE BATTERIES • REDDITCH • WORCESTERSHIRE

R. S. V. P.

Our social intercourse is peppered with these little formal Gallicisms. French is, indeed, not only the language of formality—the diplomatic language—but, pre-eminently, it is the language of the table. It is the language of the *connoisseur*, the *gourmet*; it is the language of the *carte du jour*; that being so, it is the language of the *chef de cuisine* below stairs in the Connaught Rooms. Here, where no fewer than twenty of the most sumptuous banqueting halls are gathered together under one roof, London enjoys a veritable *chef d'oeuvre* every night: it is an amenity which has no equal anywhere on earth.

CONNAUGHT ROOMS
are Banqueting Rooms

he's a
CRAVEN
TOBACCO
man

CRAVEN TOBACCO gives the man of action just what he wants—a smooth, flavourful smoke of untiring satisfaction. It is always in fine condition, it never bites or clogs, and a pipeful is as enjoyable striding across country as when relaxing indoors.

Obtainable in three blends—Craven Mixture 4/6 an oz.; Craven Empire de Luxe Mixture 4/2 an oz.; Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/3 an oz.

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS



RECENTLY we received orders

direct from Doctors for over 7,000

jars of NUMOL, apart

from sales through the

usual channels, and these direct

orders were all for jars paid

for by the Doctors.



NUMOL

BENEFITS THE WEAK
AND
THE ILL-NOURISHED

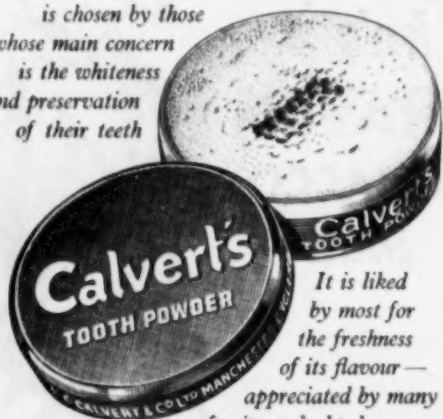
Numol has a guaranteed
content per ounce of 500
International Units of
vitamin A and 500 Inter-
national Units of vitamin D.

★ NUMOL LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4. ★

Samples are available for the Medical Profession.

THIS FAMOUS DENTIFRICE

is chosen by those
whose main concern
is the whiteness
and preservation
of their teeth



It is liked
by most for
the freshness
of its flavour—
appreciated by many
for its undoubted economy

and respected by all for the way
it does its job of cleaning
as nothing else can.



*David went into
hospital*

AS SHE REFLECTS on that entry in her diary, an anxious wife is reproaching herself. If only she had been more careful . . .

She had bandaged the cut on her husband's hand and had seen no signs of dirt in it. Yet because she omitted to make it antiseptically safe, infection had started. And, worse still, instead of remaining local it had become established in his bloodstream. The doctor said there could have been germs on her hands, on the broken glass, on her husband's skin. You could never tell. That's why it is so vitally important to keep a good antiseptic, like O-syl, always handy.

O-syl has been proved by severe hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci, Staphylococci and B. Typhosum, the cause of common (sometimes fatal) diseases. O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant. Use it as directed and it will keep you, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Don't be wise after the event. Be wise and O-sylise now.



O-syl

A.C.O.

THE HOSPITAL-PROVED ANTISEPTIC

GET Snap-Action VITALITY!

Everybody wants to feel good, full of energy, with muscles and nerves perfectly co-ordinated and ready for instant action.

To achieve this you need a daily dose of Vitamin B₁ — the vitamin that helps to turn food into energy, assists digestion and strengthens nerves and body. D.C.L. Vitamin B₁ Yeast is the richest natural source of Vitamin B₁. Take a few tablets each day and enjoy vigorous health.

DCL Vitamin B₁ YEAST TABLETS



FOR POWER AND POISE!

From all chemists: 50 TABLETS 2/3; 100 TABLETS 3/9



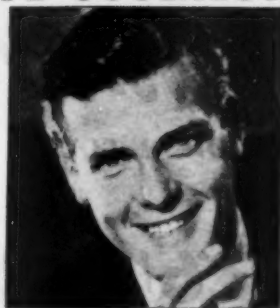
Colgate Shaving Cream is MENTHOLATED FOR EXTRA AFTER-SHAVE COOLNESS

AT LAST! Gone is pain, dryness and stinging razor-rash. Why?—because Colgate Lather Shaving Cream is mentholated for refreshing after-shave coolness. Moreover, it is scientifically blended to give you a better and more comfortable shave.

Cleaner Shave, too

First, Colgate's richer, creamier lather gets right in and softens the toughest beard—smooths the way for a cleaner, closer shave. Then, right away, its smooth mentholated action begins refreshing your skin—leaving it cooler than ever before. So ask for Colgate mentholated Lather Shaving Cream, today.

You get the smoothest, coolest shave possible—1/3d and 2/3d.



He looks cool - he acts cool - he is cool
He enjoys the after-shave coolness of
Colgate Lather . . . (it's mentholated).



Scientifically blended
to give the smooth-
est, coolest shave yet

A man in your position



Beware that comfortable driving seat! It helps your body to relax all these abdominal muscles which protect your internal organs. Avoid that "danger curve"—just as you would on the road. Wear a Linia belt and find how comfortable its bracing support can be. You will feel far less tired after driving . . . you'll look fitter . . . be fitter. Free booklet on the Linia Method from Department B.19

LINIA BELTS

Sold only by J. ROUSSEL Ltd.
177 Regent St. London W1 Tel Regent 7670
and at Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow

13,000
Prudential Agents serve
6,000,000
British Homes

Because people prefer to do their insurance business in their own homes, the Man from the Prudential is a welcome visitor in 6,000,000 British homes. For more than a century, countless families have relied on his friendly counsel. His advice is often sought on problems other than insurance. His work takes him along country lanes and crowded streets . . . a familiar figure, a man respected in his community for the service he brings.



The man from the Prudential



FOR COMFORT...
 'Celanese' Fabric feels fine
 made up into Underwear for
 men. So light and free and
 comfortable. And it's won-
 derfully hard-wearing too.
 In ivory and blue, each in
 four sizes. From most good
 outfitters.

Underwear in
'Celanese'
 FABRIC

UNDERWEAR · SPORTS SHIRTS · TIES

Richard Murdoch says...



not too little



not too much



**ERASMIC
 LATHER**

is just right

for quick
 close
 shaving!

COMPLETE IN HOLDER 2/-
 STICK 1/3

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.

**WHO
 WOULDN'T
 PREFER**



Wolsey
 CARDINAL SOCKS

**AT 6/6
 A PAIR**

Pure Botany Wool — Nylon high-spliced heel and toe —
 Won't Shrink

This England . . .



Sandown Bay, Isle of Wight

VECTIS the Romans called it, which some hold to mean "Island of Flowers," and truly in the Isle of Wight Nature has a luxuriance almost foreign, with many orchids, and from the far warm South such unexpected migrants as the hoopoe. Though to these islanders you of the mainland are "overners" yet is their speech and nature English of the English; and high among their pleasures that most English of enjoyments the drinking of fine ale, honoured in the name of Worthington since those old days when smuggling was a leading industry.



This GOLD SEAL on the LATEST
and BEST CAR TYRES means:

Greatest Strength
Greatest Service
Greatest Safety
Greatest Saving



DUNLOP THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRE

THE HUMBER HAWK

Craftsman Built

by

THE ROOTES GROUP

Men who need their car for business, and enjoy it for family week-ends, select the Humber Hawk. For in this comfortable six-seater—with exceptional luggage space—they find the grace and style that inspires confidence, engine power that carries them effortlessly through the day's appointments, notably low running expenses . . . and a price well within their range.



Your craftsman-built Humber Hawk deserves the craftsman-service which only your Humber Dealer is equipped to provide.

- FACTORY TRAINED MECHANICS
- SPECIALISED TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT
- MANUFACTURERS' GENUINE PARTS
- GUARANTEED FACTORY REBUILT UNITS

Craftsman Serviced

by your

HUMBER DEALER

HUMBER

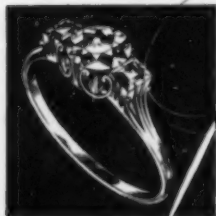
The Raspignoni Cup, one of the achievements of the famous metal-worker, Benvenuto Cellini (1500-1571).



The Cellini touch

With gold and with silver, Benvenuto Cellini wrought some of the finest masterpieces of the Renaissance period. Jewellery craftsmen of to-day have more scope, for they can match their skill with palladium. Rarer than gold, this superbly suitable jewellery metal is fashion's choice for exquisite white settings and re-settings. And it is being used for inexpensive jewellery, as well as for spectacular suites.

Ask your own jeweller about palladium.



Palladium

A PRECIOUS METAL FOR FINE JEWELLERY



CHARIVARIA

THE Western powers are expected to retaliate against the regulations confining movement by diplomats in the Soviet Union to a twenty-five-mile radius from Moscow, by imposing similar travel restrictions on Russian diplomats abroad. In this country the first steps have already been taken by London Transport.

"For Sale: Country Mansion House, in excellent order; suitable for demolition."

Advt. in Irish Independent

Up the Irish!

Because of overcrowding, a London dance club has decided to restrict attendance at future square dance sessions to regular members only. No casual callers!

Miners at a Durham colliery are to strike in protest against the poor quality of their free allowance of coal. At least no one can accuse them of wanting to get their own back.

Dr. Edith Summerskill hopes to introduce into Parliament this year a Bill to make boxing a punishable offence in Britain. Experts say they will be surprised if it goes the full three rounds.



Our March 26 issue will have a special coloured cover. It is to be a Spring Number, with the accent on holidays and outdoor activities. Its price will be sixpence as usual.

Mr. Jack Solomons returned from America without signing up "Sugar Ray" Robinson for a London fight because, he said, Robinson was "demanding the moon." And that, of course, is already under contract to Hollywood.

Dull Prospect for Jack

"Mr. Prince Bardsley, cotton boss, called yesterday for a longer working week.

His bonus-for-Britain plan: An extra four hours a week without play."—*Daily Express*

With Catlike Tread

"COUNTRY HOUSE GANG
ONLY COFFERS THIS TIME"
Evening News

An American has been elected President of the Oxford Union. Surely they won't quibble about the Mediterranean Command now?

BLOOD AND SAND

THE man who made the cupboard under the stairs in this house was a fool. If he had made the door open outwards instead of inwards it wouldn't be jammed by fallen debris inside every time I want to effect an entry; the stuff would simply pour out when the door was opened, as happens, for instance, with the cupboard outside the back door. If I have said that once I have said it a hundred times. I said it the hundred-and-first time this morning, while I was lying on my back trying to work one hand and arm through a four-inch aperture.

"If it opened outwards," they said, "you wouldn't be able to get at the hat-rack."

As if anybody would want to open the cupboard door and get at the hat-rack simultaneously. One doesn't need a hat to go into a cupboard.

They hadn't thought of that.

One is tempted, with Ideal Homes in the air, to go into the whole question of the inconvenience of doors, with a side glance at the Romans, who simply passed from room to room through openings in the wall and had no need of deportment, even when carrying trays. But that would be unfair to the many readers who are at this moment lying on their backs, with one arm through a four-inch aperture, waiting to hear how to open a cupboard door that has jammed on the inside.

Mere brutal pushing is useless. The resisting mass simply becomes impacted, as dentists say, and once that happens the cupboard may as well be sealed off and left to the tomb-robbers of the future. The thing to do is to get the hand and arm as far round as possible and feel along the inside of the door for the nearest obstruction. If the obstruction is a rolled-up carpet you are done, for no power on earth can move a rolled-up carpet single-handed. If, on the other hand, the obstruction is too far round to be reached by the unaided arm, a short iron bar must be used as a lever; it is the employment of tools to open cupboard doors that distinguishes man from the apes, a point that the operator may care to remember if visitors arrive.

I needed no bar this morning. Hardly a muscle of the right shoulder had cracked before my groping fingers encountered, and indeed penetrated, some kind of wire mesh that I took at first to be part of the thing that chipped potatoes are fried in deep fat in. It angered me to find such a thing in such a place and I cried out, demanding an explanation as every householder has a right to do. "What," I asked, "is the thing for frying chipped potatoes in doing in here?" Nobody answered this civil question, and I soon discovered, by a simple weight-test, that this was no griddle (if such be the term) I had hold of. Moreover, when I attempted to withdraw my fingers from between the wires—a feat that proved to be impossible, though I made the apparatus rock with my efforts—a dry rustling sound came to my ears, like the noise made by puff adders slithering to and fro in the desert; a soft, furtive sound, quite unlike the crisp rattle that results

from disturbing very old chipped potatoes. It is never pleasant to have one's hand trapped in the darkness by some nameless thing that rustles. But I kept my head. The thing was not immovable, it rocked, and I therefore decided to try to resolve the deadlock by a *coup de main*—nothing less than an attempt to swing my arm up and over in a great scythe-like sweep, not unlike the movement used by people swimming on their backs. If the obstruction came too, well and good; if not, I could probably learn, in time, to write with my other hand.

It came. There was a rending sound, a clang, the wire bit deep into my fingers, and an enormous mass, acting roughly in accordance with Kepler's second law, began to orbit at the full extent of my right arm. The sequence of events thereafter was too fast for me to follow. I cannot even say whether the door flew open before or after my muscles gave way, or whether my eyes were already filled with sand when some dull heavy weight—not unlike a rolled-up carpet—rumbled down from above and put an end to all hope of observation. All I know is that there was a perceptible pause before an old deck-chair, threshing uneasily about as one does when awakened from a long sleep, made a lunge at me as I struggled to rise and complicated an already serious situation.

"Crikey!" said somebody upstairs, with the Englishman's genius for understatement.

All that, however, is by the way. I only wanted to explain how to get a jammed cupboard door open, and that I have done. Some other time I hope to be able to tell you how to shut it again—but I want to get my hand out of this parrot's cage first. H. F. ELLIS

THE ZEBRA CLUB



By cutting this out and pasting it on the back window of your car you can ENSURE that the driver of the car behind you is CONSTANTLY REMINDED that you are likely to pull up dead at any moment without warning.

This will make him nervous about the car behind him, thus leading to a rapid increase in membership. REMEMBER, only Members of the Club will be free from worry in built-up areas. SO JOIN NOW!

WATCH THIS SPACE for further IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS of interest to Zebrans.

HANDS WANTED

THE Chairman said he had called the meeting to consider the shortage of personnel. They had obtained a contract to make periscopic sights for the new Bias-Barrel Bazooka, which by its ability to fire round corners would give all-round protection to troops marching at the slope. They were only waiting for the labour.

The Labour Manager said the position was difficult. There were no men about. He could only suggest dilution with female workers.

The Production Manager said he was already diluted, if not flooded. There was one redhead who was a major inundation by herself. He proposed a redistribution of workers.

The Stores Manager said it was no good looking at him. He had already tried the redhead in the stores. She had a fear of mice, and of heights. She took refuge from the mice by climbing the shelving, where she became hysterical and had to be rescued by ladder. The time of other staff had been wasted. Perhaps foreign workers could be brought in.

The Works Engineer said that, even now, going on the shop-floor made him feel like Sven Hedin. He understood the Works Bulletin was already printed in seven languages. He would rather go back to part-time married women.

The Welfare Officer said if they were going to have any more of them he hoped the advertising staff would go easy on the slogans. "Music while you Work" was all right, but he was already running a grocery store for "Buy it in the Break," and a day-nursery for "Bring your Troubles with You." He had now been asked to open a Perm Parlour for "Get Set with Us."

The Publicity Manager said he had only tried to make the place sound attractive. He thought of putting funny cartoons on the time-clocks so that a happy, laughing crowd would be seen leaving the gates.

The Head Timekeeper made a remark and was cautioned.



The Industrial Relations Officer said many people felt the need of free speech. The social problem of the inarticulate masses must be solved by a new science of communication. They should improve their machinery of consultation.

The Works Manager said that next time they introduced Joint Consultation he hoped someone would tell him first. He did not want again to return from Skegness to find his conference table covered with tea-mug rings. He did not hold with this mucko-chummo attitude

to workers. It was time they got rid of a few hampering dis-incentives, and if it were left to him . . .

The Chairman said they all knew the views of the Works Manager. They would consider any new incentives—preferably non-financial. Could they improve the canteen services? . . .

The Canteen Manager said the most urgent improvement was to stop the men drawing maps of Indo-China on the tables in tomato sauce. As a practical suggestion he offered to supply tea and buns on trolleys

to the office staff, to save their long and frequent trips to the canteen.

The Supervisor of Typists said not for her girls, please. They did not care to be kept on the battery system. Had anyone thought of offering career prospects? Some people felt they had not yet reached their ceiling.

The Personnel Officer said some people were half-way through the plaster. They had, in fact, a Planned Promotions Programme, based on the latest techniques of Habit Study, Diligence Graphs, Group Integration, and Weight-for-Age. Unfortunately while there was no intake no one could be allowed to retire, and there was no flow up the ladder.

The Chairman said the personnel situation could be summed up as difficult. They could see what they were in for, and there was no umbrella they could get by under. However, difficulties were things they had to get down to, not put up with, or it was the kind of problem they might go under through.

The meeting closed.

COUNTY GROUND—WINTER

ONE with the prying winter wind
I take my choice—
Pavilion, popular
Or members' stand.
No voice to chide
Or swiftly disinflate—
"Non-member, sir!
The other gate."
The scoreboard's eyes
Heavy in lidded sleep,
And by the printer's hut
(That the limp card supplies)
No cluster
Of small men in caps
And rubber shoes
Whom no collapse
Can fluster
Or confuse.
Gone with Arabian stealth
The stretch'd marquees
Where wealth
And beauty watched and talked
At ease.
Silent and unless
The refreshment bar;

No elbows menacing my plate,
No queue for char.
No doughnuts mica domed;
No spate
Of ales unfoamed.
Lone
On the puddled vastness of the park
My car—
A rainswept,
Solitary ark.
Encircling,
The perspective terraces
In parallel
Reveal
Where sat the mighty
And whence soar'd
The sounds of plaudit
And appeal.
And in the heart of all
The nappy green—
Unmark'd, unshorn,
Knitting its deeper strength
Unseen
For summer
And The Season's morn.

MARK BEVAN





"OH NO, MY DEAR SIR, I ASSURE YOU. PARTS OF IT ARE EXCELLENT!"

(With acknowledgments to PUNCH, November 9 1895)



THE DAILY MAIL IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION

THAT sun-like thing hung from the roof is made of umbrellas. It is very amusing, and, though not to be taken seriously as art, is very well done in the contemporary style. The vista of dreaming spires between the unripe-tomato heaven and the lush carpet, the airy arcades, the fashionable geometrical three-dimensional stars—these are all for your delight. And, indeed, you will be very poor spirited if they do not delight you. But if you have come to the Ideal Home Exhibition to get a washing-machine, I should buy a catalogue and go straight to your objective, or the wayside attractions will undo you.

That bandstand, for instance, perched up on its octagonal stalk and wired to the roof, as pretty and insecure as a dream—that is not to be lingered under. You will not, in hurrying past it, lose the benefit of the music. It will follow you everywhere; the place is fully wired for sound. I am not sure how the musicians get up and down. Perhaps they use ropes, like trapeze artists. Or they may have been in position when the thing was erected and stay

there the whole twenty-six days. Their physical comfort will, in that case, no doubt be well provided for.

The gardens beyond, under that rather dolorous blue sky, are all real plants. The fact that the flowers are in Technicolor is only an added attraction. The climate, of course, is favourable; you must not be discouraged if you cannot get quite the same effect in that bit at the back. And if you want a summer-house, I should go in for one of the rustic affairs in shingles and weather-boarding. That lovely little classical pavilion with the wafer-thin pediment will be difficult to live up to, unless you have already sold out to the National Trust.

Do not, until you have done your business, be drawn aside by telephoning dogs, or R.A.F. recruiting sergeants, or Danish bacon girls, or magnetic football matches, or the discreet demonstration theatre of the corsetière. Do not go up to the caravan-town, as fabulous as anything in the show, though there is a beard there that is in itself worth a visit. Do not let your sense of fun take you to the Hall of Sleep, which

is a riot of unconscious humour in the hand-out but in practice so expert and tasteful as to disarm criticism. Go and get your washing-machine first, or you may never reach it.

But when you have bought it, you must go and see the Village. This is the architect-designed Heart of England. The hand-out says it is intended to present an attractive, typical village, holding the charm of natural evolution; and adds that it is built of solid bricks and mortar. I did not take a scutch to the bricks, but they seemed solid enough. As for the typicalness, none of the houses is on a stalk or hung from the roof; but the struggle to give a seasoning of reality to the Ideal has had some odd results. So long as the sky stayed primrose-yellow (as here, for some reason, it is), I suppose the cashiers of the local bank could continue to do business behind flower-grown pergolas; but the weather of the Midlands would be bound, in time, to bring out the weaknesses of the design; and I do not know where they would put the night-safe.

There is nothing wrong with the People's Houses (except the name); but then, as an admitted concession to a stern reality, they should not properly be here at all. The Baby Parlour opposite has no bell to go *ping* when you push the door open, and is in other respects not fully typical of the English village shop. It says "You are invited to come inside and ask anything you wish to know about Baby care." (I didn't, though the dark girl behind the counter looked good for some vivacious pilch-talk.) The pub is so elaborately ordinary that it can be justified only as completing the picture; and the picture is in any case incomplete. One does not want

in a hunting-kit that is certainly attractive and not much less typical than the Village. They at least hold plenty of the charm of natural evolution, and could provide an admirably suitable field.

The truth of course is that after a year's laborious and dutiful junketings I, for one, have developed a good deal of resistance to exhibitions. I have become, as it were, glass-case-hardened. Also, although I do not mind people selling their stuff by any method they find effective, especially if it involves young things in hunting-kit, I have got tired of being sold. I am old enough to remember the child (was it a Belcher drawing?)

that was reprimanded for making a Wembley of it-self; and, perhaps because of my age, I do not like being made a South Bank of. Let the elegant Coates House and the admirable Berg House (though surely we have grown out of imitation crown-glass

Meriden stone be returned quickly, before the last drop of sanctity (I suppose it was a cross once) seeps out of it.

This done, there is a lot of fun to be had from the Village. It is full of ingenuity. The fires are not alight, apparently because the grates, once lit, are almost impossible to put out, and the buildings have to come down in a month. Given only one of these grates the Pontifex Maximus could have axed as redundant all but a skeleton staff of Vestal Virgins, to the great detriment of some of the later emperors. The Village as a whole would do splendidly as a setting for one of those silent, tantalizing chases that all the most exciting pictures end up with. Or better still for the beginning of a Chaplin picture: the little man would have got shut in the night before, and could have hundreds of feet of solitary and silent fun with the gadgets before opening time. The mouth waters at it.

In either case it would have to be dawn. Then surely this stillborn Heart of England is incontestably dead. Then the murky March daylight comes through the glazing-bars of the great eastern arch, but there are no lights in the windows; the jaded grass lacks dew; and there is no smoke in the air, only the waft of baby-powder and somewhere, acrid and unmistakable, the animal smells left over from the Christmas circus.

P. M. HUBBARD



to carp, but surely there ought to be petrol-pumps (they might be made of basket-work); and there is no school, though the Old People's sitting-room has some very educational books.

In the middle of all this is the village green, which has, in the course of natural evolution, got very small. On the green is the Meriden stone, the real thing, flood-lit and as much at home as the Parthenon would be in Pimlico. (Apart from anything else, it is not made of solid bricks and mortar.) This, of course, is where the bandstand ought to be. The stalk could be used as a maypole. In this kind of village, folk-dancing would certainly be all the go, and it would give the Old People something to look at when they had got tired of their books. It would be a fine place for a meet too. There is a live pony somewhere on the ground floor, and upstairs there are some wonderful young women selling electric razors

panes, even in a bow-window) be exhibited alongside the Ministry's utility models, as architect-designed as anything and furnished by thousands of consultant housewives; but spare us Old England; and let the



BANKRUPTCY UNPOPULAR, HE SAYS

"THIS disgraceful Budget . . ."
 "This excellent Budget . . ."
 "... the overburdened shoulders of the people . . ."
 "... the dismal legacy of six years' misrule . . ."
 "... a phony crisis existing only in the fevered imaginations of those who, little caring . . ."
 "... the gravest crisis in our nation's proud history which, regardless of rank or creed . . ."

The Nation's Need

"Time and again we have warned the Chancellor . . ."
 "Casting aside the doctrinaire prejudices of hidebound party theoreticians, the Chancellor has boldly . . ."
 "... swingeing imposts . . ."
 "... welcome and, indeed, timely reliefs . . ."
 "... the mailed fist. Our pleas have fallen on deaf ears . . ."

"... the velvet glove. He has listened to the voice of reason and . . ."
 "... broken promises . . ."
 "... pledges fulfilled . . ."

Grave Charges

"So we witness the first steps of a shameful retreat into the dark backwaters of reaction, which can but . . ."
 "The way lies clear ahead. Spurning by-paths, we advance, under wise leadership, steadily along recovery's road to a more glorious . . ."
 "... jungle economics, leading to world chaos on a universal scale and . . ."
 "... wise national housekeeping, bringing in its train the respect and confidence of the whole civilized world and . . ."

"Forward then into the Hopeless Dawn."

ERIC WALMSLEY



"I understand there's quite a funny twist at the end."

O FOR BOILED BEANS . . . !

"We may soon become a vegetarian country."—A Member of Parliament.

In that case there will have to be some new verses to an old song:—

BUT the beef of Old England now came from elsewhere,
And scon was beyond poor Britannia's means.
"Oh well," said the islanders, "what do we care!
It's O the boiled beans of Old England!
And O for Old England's boiled beans!"

A virtue was made of necessity then,
And Science discovered the goodness of greens,
The carrot, the cabbage, as makers of men!
It was O the boiled beans of Old England!
And O for Old England's boiled beans!

"Red meat is inflaming," the doctors averred.
"It leads to dissension and family scenes;
But lettuces never have caused a cross word."
It's O the boiled beans of Old England!
It's O for Old England's boiled beans!

So Britain prevailed, as is often the case:
She sank with one shot the absurd Argentines,
And grew up a healthier, happier race—
It's O the boiled beans of Old England!
It's O for Old England's boiled beans!

A. P. H.



"Never mind about sweets, dear. Say hello to Grandma."

SECRETARIAL INTERLUDE

I FOUND my typist knitting when I went into her office.

She said she was just going to the canteen to have a cup of coffee.

I said why couldn't she take her knitting with her. She said she didn't want to knit in the canteen and that she was really only waiting for her friend in the next office to collect her.

My typist's knitting was an objectionable shade of red, and a fit of annoyance came over me.

I said why couldn't she get on with some work.

My typist said she didn't want to start anything fresh because she was just going to coffee.

I said surely she could begin something and leave off when she went to the canteen. She said she had no rooted objection to starting something, so I said I hoped she would.

My typist knitted two purl and one plain and looked at me with rather an innocent expression. She said she must now finish the row, or she would forget where she was.

I noticed it was a very long row, and I said it did not look a very difficult pattern, and would it really inconvenience her to stop in the middle of the row.

My typist pulled some more wool out of a paper bag in the half-open drawer of her desk. She said it probably wouldn't really.

I said I was glad, and turned over a piece of paper on her desk; there was a caricature of a face, singularly like my own, drawn on the reverse side.

I said couldn't she perhaps put some paper in her machine ready to begin typing when she returned.

My typist said she could, but would rather not, as the paper would curl while she was having coffee.

I was about to remark that it was quite obvious that my typist was generous over the time she took for mid-morning refreshment, when the door opened and her friend asked if she was ready to go to the canteen. She added that she had been waiting for my typist to come and fetch her, but when she had come to the end of her row she thought she had better come and find my typist.

My typist completed the last stitch of her row, put her knitting in the drawer and went to the canteen.

I hardly noticed her departure. I was concentrating on a little drawing I was making.



"Which is which?"

CRITICISM DISARMED

I WIPED Shakespear, Anouilh, and Ibsen off the blackboard and chalk from my lapel. "Now," I said, turning back to the class, "any questions?"

Mr. Havering removed the handle of his umbrella from his mouth. "It seems to me, from what you have just said, that all serious criticism is meaningless—unless it confines itself to telling people whether a thing is good or bad. Now..."

"My husband," interrupted Mrs. Englehart, "always goes by the newspapers. 'What does the paper say about that film at the Odeon?'

he asks, when he comes home. And if the paper says the film is poor he says 'Well, I'm going to enjoy it.'"

"The film critic," I began, "is seldom..."

"Do you seriously suggest," asked Mr. Havering, firmly grasping his umbrella, "that a film with, say, Gloria Automne is deserving of intelligent criticism? And what do you mean by 'poor'?"

"What's wrong with Gloria Automne?" Mr. Kelly, who always sits in a front seat with a long coloured scarf wound round his neck, seemed indignant.

"I always say that criticism is

rude, don't you?" Miss Eyre took us all into her confidence. "For instance, if I say to my sister-in-law, who is rather touchy—if I say to her 'Agnes, the pattern of that jumper looks rather funny to me'—not amusing, I don't mean, but not in very good taste, perhaps—she would be entitled to tell me to try to do better. And I can't knit for the life of me, except..."

"I feel," I edged in judiciously, trying to clarify the position, "that we are all..."

"Let's keep to the point, shall we?" Mr. Havering seemed annoyed. "If I paint a picture, a

picture whose meaning is, shall we say, obscure, except to the school which it is assumed I represent . . ."

"What does Miss Autonne stand for?" Mr. Kelly took a reef in his scarf and looked round the class for support. "She stands for entertainment. If she is criticized for not appealing to the aesthetic . . ."

"But surely," began Mr. Armitage, looking up from a little pyramid of matches he was constructing, "that's too sweeping."

I decided, trying to keep track, that he was answering Miss Eyre.

"I mean," continued Mr. Armitage decisively, and he swept the matches to the floor, "if my wife says that when I make a welsh rarebit it always tastes stodgy, well, she's entitled to criticize because I don't mind admitting—here—that hers are better than mine. It must be," and he looked suddenly blank, "the browning on the top. I've often wondered how it was done. Just the right time under the grill, I suppose . . ."

"A light touch is needed too," Mrs. Englehart smiled sympathetically. "Like in pastry. Mind you, you've got to have the grill . . ."

Mr. Havering seemed about to beat his desk with his umbrella.

"Let me put it this way," he said loudly. "Supposing in one hand I have a cigarette lighter made by one firm, and in the other another lighter made by someone else. I don't have to be a maker of cigarette lighters myself to know if one lights . . ."

I interrupted, trying to make my voice normal. "If you will resume your places I will mark the register. Next week we shall discuss the influence of T. S. Eliot on the modern play . . ."

"Three minutes, did you say? Right—I'll try that the next time," said Mr. Armitage to Mrs. Englehart.

FERGUSON MACLAY

Cause and Effect?

"The Auckland home-brew championship was held at a festa on Milford Beach last week-end. There was also an exhibition of tumbling by boys from the Y.M.C.A."—*Auckland Weekly News*

SPIVS LAUGH AT SHIVS

IN the old days the writer of thrillers could get by on a knowledge of the gentle humours of village life and a good time-table. Now he has to display an expert knowledge of Voodoo or the geography of the Bulgarian border or the seamy side of billiards. It is true that most of his readers will have no means of checking his accuracy; but they like to feel that he is widening their knowledge of life, and life in thrillers is always in the raw. To illustrate what I mean, here is an odd chapter from *Spivs Laugh at Shivs*. I think that a shiv is a razor. If it is a term of opprobrium applied to some racial minority, I apologize.

Squinter was honing his blade lovingly. O'Zymowski was faking the bias of a clutch of woods. "You'se gonna louse up da bowls game like what you done to croquet!" asked Toff, licking his lips the way he was pleased. Ever since he had been dropped from the Third Eleven at Winchester—the bitter memory, the malicious condolences, the ice in the heart—he had feuded against Clean Sport.

Mike the Mauler kept his trap

shut. He was pushing razor-blades into potatoes with a craftsman's concentration. He had quit the Grosvenor Square boys because they wouldn't get him King Edwards. This mob were class. They had the bite on the best greengrocer in Tottenham.

You go to the bowls game and you wait till the odds lengthen and you play the hand your way. You lay a straight flush in two-fives and the suckers lap it up and you stay cold and hard and watching with the watching that never stops in the Big City where you first learned to watch and the way you learned was tough but you made out all right. You never hedge a bet and when it's the jackpot it's your jackpot and you keep your snake's eyes on the tie-tac men and you laugh quiet to yourself because you know what they don't know and what you know is that the jack has a little green thread stuck to it with cobbler's wax and the other end of this thread is in your pocket.

The first thing O'Zymowski spotted when he reached the green was Lurker.

Lurker is out of hospital. Lurker has a debt to repay some



place some time. Keep Lurker away from the mains, he's got an electric razor. O'Zymowski calculated fast. Play it three-cornered, play it up-and-coming. He tied a knot in his scarf.

Toff sauntered over to the Ring ever so casual ever so lithe. He pitched forty in fives and five in forties and the bookie took it without a halt in the smooth movement of his deltoids bookies learn after they've been in the game for half a century or so. Lurker was moving up and Toff looked round for a getaway and there was no getaway only the jeering faces that hemmed him in and waited to see what would happen but Toff knew what would happen.

Mike the Mauler had fixed the Measurer good. It made him feel fine fixing the Measurer but not the Measurer. He didn't feel fine. Mike the Mauler looked round to see anybloe else he could fix and saw the other team's Measurer was scared and skinny so he fixed him too.

The leaders were on the footers now. The rubber mats that they call "footers" in the game slid and jerked as the moles Squinter had loosed began to surface. Toff felt old and tired as Lurker came up to him.

You take everything in the Ring you can get and you come back for more. You play it sides to ends and there's no zero. You whistle to show that only squealers squeal.



You know all the answers but you never know the questions and when you let it ride at five-eights to a Nap it's quits or curtains.

Lurker was using a safety . . . Toff was back in the changing-room the way he'd once actually been there but that was a whole time ago before Mimi, before Flossie but not before Sybil. He looked round him with a dull wonder the way a man wonders at something wonderful. While Lurker worked the self-stopping gadget Toff looked up at the sky and listened to a bird singing like it had never heard of Ebury Street. Had the boys forgotten him? He could hear the odds shifting in their favour and he guessed maybe they were busy.

The skips were on the footers now and it was anyone's money that had any. Mike the Mauler was tickled pretty that Lurker was engaged and he moved in among the small gangs that play round the fringe while the big fish go after the kitty. He liked fixing small gangs, they stayed fixed so a man could tell where he was.

The woods chased the jack and O'Zymowski watched the cub punters falling over themselves to climb on the bandwagon and getting pushed off the way you get pushed off a bandwagon by a band. He caught the eye of the skip nearest him and the knowing that he had been bought but not paid for made

WAGON TO A STAR

GODS of Discovery, who made men bold
To seek a New World to redress the Old,
Please note that, though we need redressing still,
Our stock of continents is getting small,
While that of hemispheres is down to nil.
What is essential is a brand new ball,
A total globe—and sooner than at once.
Bless, then, all current inter-stellar stunts!
Prosper all space-ships, pressure-cabin cars,
Atomic transportations! Bring to birth
Jets to the planets, rockets to the stars—
All that may add an annexe to this Earth,
A suburb World, where Man can spread his charms,
Stretch out his legs . . . and throw away his arms.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON

him feel so fine he wished he hadn't got warped and could laugh out loud like the Boss.

When he thought of what the Boss would say if it wasn't the clean-up after all he felt a cold sweat and took his hands out of his pockets to prevent the gats rusting. That's the worst of gats, they take as much looking after as budgerigars. He noticed the same bird Toff had noticed and he saw it wasn't no budgerigar and he felt sorry for it. That's why he wasn't a Boss, wearing cloth-of-gold dressing-gowns and lending pictures to the Arts Council, because he was feeling pity when he ought to be rigging the odds.

The score was even and O'Zymowski got scared some other mob had got at his team, the one he'd done everything he knew for to make sure it won. Unless he knew for sure which team was going to win it didn't seem much use rigging the odds. Sometimes he felt nothing was much use anyway. That was another reason he'd never be a Boss. To be a Boss you had to have optimism. He must ask Toff if he had optimism. Looking across at Lurker sucking a lemon and getting his second wind he doubted if Toff had optimism.

Snap out of it dreamer he told himself as with sudden savagery he jerked the jack to another part of the green. R. G. G. PRICE



"Not quite so deep as last year..."



GUARD'S VAN TO WALES

VIA Euston, via the Friday rush,
Via starting-time arrears
I landed in the guard's van with
A scree of mountaineers.

All corduroyed and confident
They cluttered up the floor
With rucksacks, ropes, and one-man
tents
And climbing-gear galore.

Sprawled careless on the oil-soaked
boards

Basic to all guard's vans
They spread their multi-coloured
maps

Discussing craggy plans.

And I, still dressed in City rig,
Nostalgic and *de trop*,
Eavesdropped along the rocky
routes

I'd scrambled long ago,



As, bumping through the gusty dark,
We followed mountain trails
With foothold and belaying point
From Euston up to Wales.

By Ogwen and her guardian heights
Their talking carried me
To Idwal's nail-scarred slabs and past
The cauldron of Tŷl Du.

Up Tryfan's gat-toothed ridge I went
And with them saw again
The purple-haunted bilberry slope
Of Pen-yr-Oleu-Wen.

Till Bangor's gloomy station yard,
Gale-swept and slaty-wet,
Reminded me what different ways
Our compasses were set.

For I was for the fireside bound
While they were for the height.
Ah! Then I faced the facts and said
"Good night, my youth, good
night."



E.H. Shepherd

£75,000

UNTIL Edith and I began discussing how to spend our £75,000 cheque from Cricklewood's Pools we had not had a serious quarrel for years. A little coldness at breakfast sometimes, perhaps, when she marmaladed her half of *The Times*, and an occasional rather brusque exchange on the subject of muddy boots, but nothing amounting to open warfare. The spending of the £75,000, however, led to quite a nasty scene.

"The first thing I'm going to buy," I said, "is a long, sinuous black car with a long, sinuous black chauffeur to go with it. It should be possible to purchase quite a good pre-war model for £5,000 or £6,000. The chauffeur's name will

be James. Ever since I was a little, careless child I have wanted to have a chauffeur named James."

"I agree that we must have a car," said Edith. "But not a black one. Solemnity would rear its ugly head in a sinuous black car. I fancy something brighter, in two shades of green. And we must get a red-faced, jolly chauffeur named Horace. Your long, sinuous James would terrify me."

I said that red-faced chauffeurs in green cars were in the worst possible taste, and she nearly burst into tears. In the end she suggested that we had a car each.

"We can't," I said, "because only one garage goes with this flat."

She looked at me in amazement. "You surely don't suggest," she said, "that we should go on living in *this* poky place?"

"I certainly do," I said. "It is only three months since we moved, and the blisters on my knees from laying the linoleum in the bathroom are hardly healed. This is the eleventh flat we have had since we were married, and I intend to end my days here. I simply couldn't tackle that linoleum again. It is already cut into seventy-nine different pieces, and required one thousand two hundred and sixty linoleum brads to hold it down. It just wouldn't *stand* another move."

"We can afford to throw it away," said Edith, "and buy a new lump."

I shuddered to think how money had changed the woman I loved, eating into her very soul. The old Edith would never have dreamed of throwing away an old friend like the bathroom linoleum, after twenty years of faithful service.

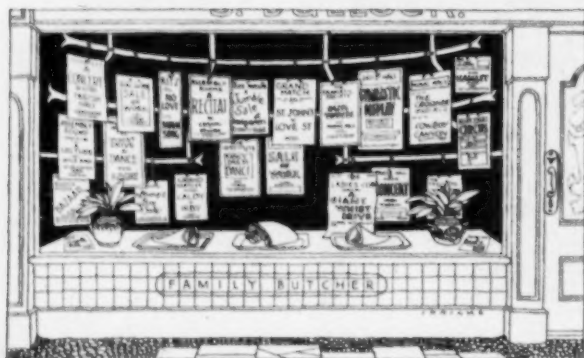
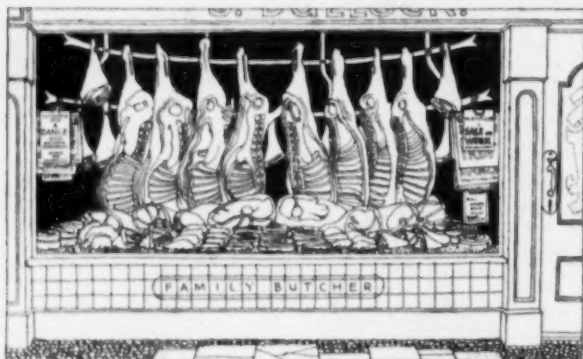
"We'll leave Muntion-on-Sea," said Edith, "and take a flat in town. It'll be much handier when you want to see your editors."

"You don't suppose," I said, "that I intend to go on writing? I shall put my typewriter under a glass case on the mantelshelf and send a circular letter to all my editors regretting that having carefully read their infernal magazines I find them quite unsuitable for my articles."

Edith then went off the deep end and said that if I intended to mooch about the house all day instead of sleeping quietly in my study as heretofore she would insist on living in a separate flat. We were at it hammer and tongs when Simpson came in. He listened gravely, and then tore up the form which Mr. Cricklewood had kindly sent us, and threw it on the fire.

Of course we *might* not have won £75,000 if we had filled it in, but one never knows. As Simpson said, it was best to be on the safe side.

D. H. BARBER





"Yes, quite fit again now, thank you."

THE BOOTS

IT said "Canadian LUMBERJACK Boots. As supplied to H.M. Forces during the war." There was a man standing with his hands on his hips and his feet well apart. He had huge shoulders and a Boy Scout hat. He looked incredibly secure with his feet spread out like that.

The picture was small, but I recognized him at once. He was the Genial Giant. The Genial Giant is one of my rarer visitors, and seldom stays long. He is put out by intractability in inanimate objects, and prolonged exertion is bad for him. But he makes me extraordinarily happy.

It said "Ideal for Motorcyclists, Gardeners and all Outdoor Workers." So far as the week-ends went that was near enough. I could not really expect to use them for office, though perhaps if I didn't tuck my trousers in like that the thing was not impossible. But really I bought them because of the Genial Giant.

They came by goods, roped together. I saw the van at the gate and got them up to my room without attracting comment. I had not expected them to be quite so big. They were surprisingly heavy and had a cold, musty smell; the leather

was very hard. If anyone had ever been genial in them it must have been a long time before.

I put on some thick stockings I had had since hiking days. Come to think of it, I had bought those for the Genial Giant too, or an earlier version of him. He had had sunburnt knees, but the stride and set of the shoulders were unmistakably those of the lumberjack.

Getting my foot in was like getting a piano round the bend of the stairs: nothing yielded. Once in, there was plenty of space, but in unexpected directions. My toes, reaching upwards, could feel nothing above them till the whole foot slipped an unsuspected half-inch deeper, when they came up against something that felt like a railway line.

I sat on the bed and laced one boot laboriously, struggling not so much to enclose my foot as to force the rigid edges nearer together. The buckles at the top were wedged with some kind of emerald grease, but the little rollers squeaked irritably as I forced the straps through.

Half-booted, I stood up. The booted foot struck the floor with a dull thud, and one of my family ran half-way upstairs and asked if I was all right. I sat down and put on

the other. Then I stood up again. The effect was certainly odd and in many ways unexpected. The strapped tops, which had fitted so snugly round the lumberjack's straddled calves, were in practice curiously loose. My feet were anchored firmly to the floor, but the rest of me from the ankles up was fully mobile, so that the amount of sway was governed purely by natural flexibility and muscular control. Even if I lost my balance altogether the boots would almost certainly remain standing in their own right, and I should have to bend my knees sharply and sit down as close to them as I could get.

I took a stride forward, lifting and swinging the boot from the hip. It gathered speed alarmingly, riding away from the captive foot till I was forced to turn sideways suddenly to attain the necessary stretch. I lost my balance and put my hands on the floor as the boot was brought up sharp against the chest-of-drawers. Stabilized thus, with my head close to the floor and my feet pointing sideways in a curiously Egyptian fashion, I had time to reflect.

I saw now why the lumberjack, moderately straddled, looked so pleased with himself. He had done well; and so long as he filled his boots he was virtually immovable. But I wondered about H.M. Forces during the war. The vision of a column of marching giants, swinging their legs in ponderous rhythm from the hip, suggested the Old Guard rather than the commando. For the first time, too, I wondered what a lumberjack did.

I gathered myself slowly and began to go downstairs. Even with my heels hard against the risers the overhang was such that the edge of the tread came almost under my



Roy Davis

instep, so that the whole foot was tilted sharply forward. At the third step I found I was steadily gaining momentum. The flight is a longish one, and the situation obviously could not be allowed to get out of hand. I gripped the rail hard and pivoted sharp right against the banisters.

They stood up well; but I had still to get downstairs, and someone might come out into the hall any moment. I considered going backwards, as if I was on board ship, but could not bring myself to let my feet out of my sight.

I started sideways, but could neither get both feet on to one tread at the same time nor get one past the other. I therefore went two with my left, brought my right down to the intervening stair, down again with my left, and so on in a sort of slow canter, left foot leading. It was safe, but must, especially from below, have looked a little awkward.

I was going well when the door opened, and I froze nonchalantly about seven stairs up. She did not refer to the boots or even, as far as I could see, look at them. She said did I think they could have a few more logs?

I said "Rather," and did not move. For a breathless second nothing happened. Then she looked at the boots, turned and went inside, shutting the door after her.

There was only one thing to do. Gripping the banisters, I led with my left and cantered slowly upstairs. There were, I knew, many things I could do in the boots, but cutting and carrying logs was not one of them.

P. M. HUBBARD

A VERY GOOD THING

ONE summer morning, a few weeks after my twelfth birthday, I set off with a friend to cycle from my home to Windermere, a distance of about seventy miles. Whether it was the excitement of this great undertaking, or the enlivening effects of the fresh air and exercise, I do not know, but the fact remains that it was on this occasion that I gave voice to a witticism of a very high order, a thing never achieved before or since. I should hesitate to say that it was a perfect witticism, but if there was a flaw in it, it passed unnoticed. My friend was a rather silent boy, and we had been pedalling away for about three hours before he framed his first observation. "I think," he said, "that we should make Lancaster in time for lunch." I replied instantly "Rome was not made in a day." My friend fell off his bicycle, and so violent were my own paroxysms of merriment that it was only with the utmost difficulty that I myself was able to remain in the saddle.

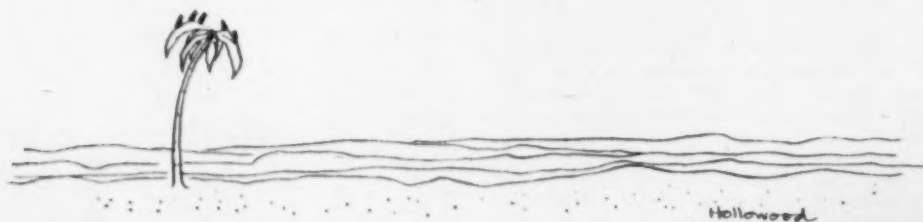
A truly ready wit is not to be encountered every day. It is said that Charles Lamb, falling downstairs, was heard to exclaim "Iser rolling rapidly!" Whistler, informed that General Buller had retired across the Modder River without losing a man, a horse or a gun, added quickly "Or a minute." But were these good things improvised on the spur of the moment? By no means. Lamb would naturally

coin his witticism on first reading Campbell's poem, shrewdly saving it until such time as he should fall downstairs before a suitable audience. Whistler, we may be pretty sure, had heard the remark about Buller on some previous occasion, and had attached himself doggedly to the maker of it in the hope that it would be repeated.

There is something to be said, nevertheless, for the elaborately planned good thing, and although I have not so far been able to equal my "Rome was not made in a day," I have great hopes that in the course of the next few months I shall far surpass it, though my *bon mot* will be no more spontaneous than was Lamb's or Whistler's. I have, in fact, thought of an extraordinarily witty remark, but its proper delivery is dependent on the occurrence of a rather special set of circumstances.

Let us picture a small group of people, of whom I am one, watching a cricket match. We are sitting near to a fielder named Ken, who is well known to all of us. A batsman drives the ball past Ken, and over the boundary into some long grass. "Looks as if it's lost," someone remarks. "Well," I drawl, "it's certainly gone beyond our Ken."

Now, the effective presentation of a joke of this calibre is something over which I am prepared to take endless trouble, and I have already begun to bend my energies to the task. I know only one Ken—Ken Squires. He is a tennis player, and



"Well, who's going to be the first cuckoo in 'The Times' this year?"

at first appeared rather reluctant to take up cricket, but I have been able to convince him that it will be best for him to do so. Beyond the square-leg boundary on our local cricket ground lies a considerable area of long grass such as I require. There has been some talk of cutting it, but I have pulled a few strings and I fancy that no move will be made. There remains the greatest problem of all—my audience.

Since it may very well be that never again shall I be able to think of a joke as good as this, it is pretty obvious that I am not going to waste it on any local Tom, Dick or Harry. There are two men now living from whom, above all others, I should wish to win a chuckle, and perhaps an approving slap on the back. They are Mr. Churchill and Mr. T. S. Eliot. It is to gather these two great men into the circle within which I must deliver my joke that I shall soon be working with every ounce of ingenuity and perseverance at my command. I have already sketched out a few preliminary plans.

First, what exactly is required? Briefly, it is the attendance of Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eliot as my guests at a match in which Ken Squires fails to field a ball hit over the boundary into the long grass. Then there are two minor difficulties (minor, of course, only in relation to the main task: they are, in fact, formidable): I must persuade Mr. Churchill to adopt some sort of disguise—perhaps a false moustache. It would be folly to risk the miscarriage of my joke among a milling throng of detectives, journalists, politicians and cheering children. Secondly, I must contrive that both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eliot should accept invitations to the Squires'—once, say, for cards, and once for a musical evening. Failing this, my remark about "our Ken" would lack point.

These difficulties are formidable enough, as I have said. Let us concentrate for a moment on Mr. Churchill. How is one to establish with a world-famous statesman, in no more than two or three months, such bonds of close and enduring friendship that one may hope to

persuade him to journey north at a time that may be inconvenient to him; to spend at least two evenings in unfamiliar diversions—the Squires play rummy, and Ken is apt to ask male visitors to take the bass part in "Sweet Adeline"—and, finally, to assume a false moustache and devote a long afternoon to watching a game in which, perhaps, he has little interest? It seems to me that there is only one answer: by saving his life at the risk of one's own. My plans, I repeat, are still in the preliminary stages, and I will say no more than this: I am spending three nights a week at our local swimming baths.

Whether it will be necessary to save Mr. Eliot's life as well I have not so far decided. I am tackling

one thing at a time. The way will be hard and long, but who knows what may have been accomplished by the end of the summer!

"Been up north for the last few days. Staying with the fellow who pulled me out of the Serpentine a few weeks ago. That was a gallant act, my friend! He made a rather good remark . . ."

It is worth working for.

T. S. WATT

"... the chief handicap on housing since the war has been the ceiling imposed by the Labour Government."

Observer

That, of course—and the absence of walls.





"Oxbridge, mate? Two Joes and three Freds along the London Road."

DISCUSSION PROGRAMME

SOME time ago I took part in an unscripted discussion on the radio with a man named Mainwaring. Our subject was some economic crisis or other and Mainwaring was the first speaker. I didn't listen very attentively because I was busy with the construction of my first sentence.

"Well, Mainwaring," I was going to say, "what you've just said is very interesting and I have to confess that I find myself in agreement with you on certain points, but I think your general approach..."

I wasn't listening very attentively until I heard him pronounce the word industry with a heavy accent on the "dus." Industry, he said, and it happened to be the last word of his little oration. The chairman looked at me and announced

my name, and after about four seconds I spoke.

During those four seconds I had decided—(a) that a discussion in which one side spoke repeatedly of industry and the other of industry would sound ridiculous, (b) that I could not compromise by saying "industry or industry" without seeming priggish and giving offence, (c) that industry might, after all, be the correct pronunciation (Mainwaring was an intelligent fellow, a politician and a writer), (d) that industrial revolution and industrialist sounded right, but that Federation of British Industries didn't, and (e) that there are no obvious synonyms for industry.

"Well, Mainwaring," I said, "what you've just said is very interesting and I'll admit that I agree with you at several points,

but I think your general approach is all wrong. We're in the red, Mainwaring, because British—er—because British productive resources have been handicapped by shortages of manpower and raw materials. Take the coal—er—take coal..."

"On the contrary," said Mainwaring, "industry's failure to deliver the goods is a direct indictment of our economic set-up, of private enterprise and the profit motive."

Hitherto I had always pronounced "indictment," *indilement*, but Mainwaring had me worried again.

"That," I said, "is absolute nonsense, and you know it! Our productive resources have not failed to deliver the goods and the only—er—accusation worth levelling is one against the handful of theorists who are tying—er—production's hands behind its back."

"Restrictive practices," said Mainwaring, "are the root of the trouble. Industry is too secretive. Look how it handles new discoveries and patents..."

Paydents, I wondered, or *pattdents*!

"Which inventions protected by proprietary claims," I barked, "have you in mind?"

It went on for twenty minutes and was very dull indeed. The chairman summed up what little there was to sum up, and announced that there would be another discussion in the same series at the same time the following week. Then we went off the air.

"By the way," said Mainwaring, addressing us both, "my name's pronounced *Mainwaring*, not *Mannering*."

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

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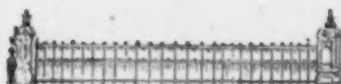
Obviously Unsolicited Testimonial

"The monthly meeting was held in the Albion Hall on Friday evening. Mrs. Hiatt presided and introduced Mrs. Wood, who kindly gave an interesting demonstration on quickly prepared dishes, both sweet and savoury. These were afterwards offered for sale by Mrs. C. Rigg and were quickly brought up by the audience."

Kewick Reminder



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, March 3

As if in atonement—for last week's proceedings, when it showed itself at its—well,

House of Commons:
Model Parliament
not by any means at its best, the House of Commons to-day seemed to be on its model party (not Party) behaviour.

Even Question-time, with the exception of one rather snappish interlude, was a model of polite inquiry, largely devoted, it seemed, to the art of the lexicographer. Sir THOMAS MOORE started it, with a wide-eyed request for guidance on the meaning of the word "*lurid*," which figured in a question by Mr. NABARRO about the rear-lights of cars and bicycles. Mr. N. offered no enlightenment (*lurid* or otherwise), nor did the Minister of Transport, so that entry in the Parliamentary Dictionary was left blank.

Scarcely had this been disposed of when Captain JOHN CROWDER offered a definition of the word "*hover*." His dictionary said the word meant a state of indecision—which, he thought, precisely described the condition of most pedestrians on approaching a zebra crossing.

With a slightly envious expression on his face, Mr. JOHN MACLAY, the Minister, promptly produced a word of his own, "*striping*," as the official description of a local authority's decision to establish a pedestrian crossing where none grew before. After that, nobody was unduly shaken when Mr. ELLIS SMITH, complaining of the number of accidents on a road in his constituency, asked for "*super-priority*" for remedial measures. Or when Mr. BARNETT JANNER, similarly worried, spoke of the "Society for the Royal Prevention of Accidents."

In a debate on Manpower and Productivity Mr. ALFRED ROBENS, former Minister of Labour, and Sir WALTER MONCKTON, present holder of that office, spent a pleasant time leaning over the Table to pat each other on the back in friendly encouragement. Mr. R. hoped all

workers would play the game and work as hard as they could, and Sir W. offered a few bouquets to the leaders of the workers.

In this pleasant atmosphere nobody was surprised when the two sides of the House later fell to exchanging compliments even on the normally controversial topic of the nationalized railways. A slight diversion by Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, who complained that railway-carriages were dirty and luncheon menu-cards too few, scarcely interrupted the idyll. And everybody went home convinced that spring had come, turning the young politician's fancy lightly to thoughts



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Capt. Crowder (Finchley)

of agreement. One wonders—with Budget Day only a week away!

Tuesday, March 4

If ever our Ministers adopt slogans of the "If it's laughter you're after—"

House of Commons:
African Federation
type Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN might, on present showing, take "Macmillan for Mirth." For the afternoons when he is due to reply to Questions are already becoming stupendous and, indeed, colossal attractions.

Hon. Members opposite seem positively eager to act as "feeds," and Mr. M. rarely finds himself without material. He has even taken (almost unheard of, this) to introducing a touch of humour into his written replies, as distinct from the supplementaries, and to-day he had this one: "This proposal raises

large issues, and will require the exploration of long avenues and the turning of many stones."

It was not very clear whether Mr. IAN MIKARDO was competing in the humour test when, speaking of the House of Lords, he alleged that it "contained ninety per cent of permanent absentees." Irishmen like Sir THOMAS MOORE and Mr. HECTOR HUGHES looked at him with slight envy.

Nor was it plain whether another Mr. HUGHES—Mr. EMRYS—really intended a "funny" when he asked the Chancellor, Mr. BUTLER, to issue a "popular" version of the Budget.

Mr. B. assumed that non-committal expression normal with Chancellors at this period of the year and replied, in effect, "Wait and see!"

The subject for debate was the Federation of Central African countries, which was considered at some length. The House listened with close interest to a maiden speech by Sir LESLIE PLUMMER, who showed a knowledge of his subject which made quite unnecessary his evident nervousness, and which well earned the compliments showered on him by later speakers.

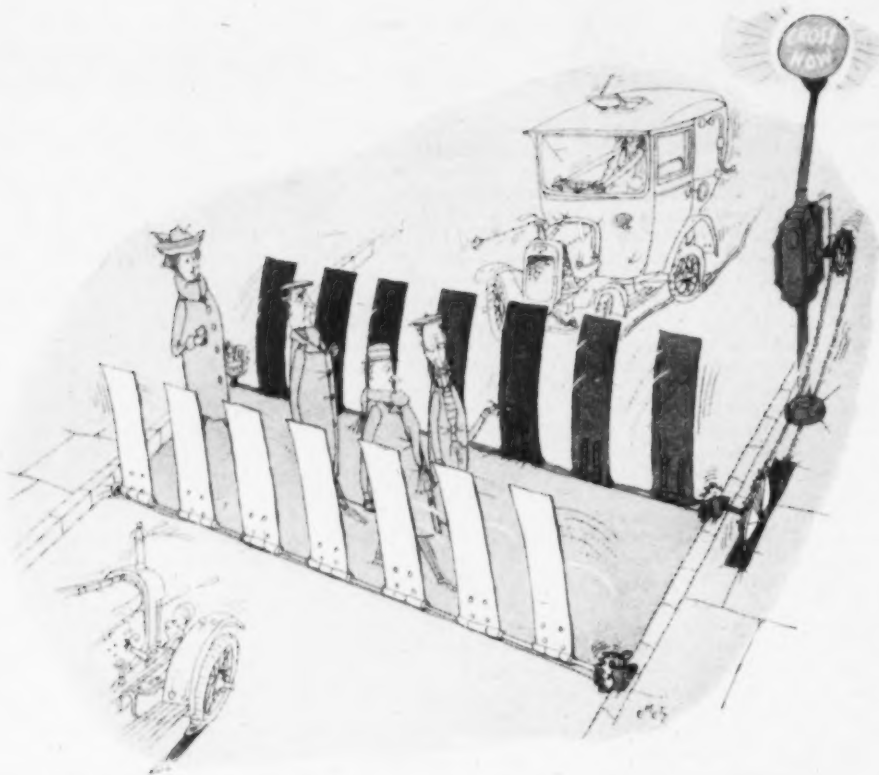
During the evening it became known that the Opposition had tabled a motion of No Confidence in the Government's handling of defence problems. And Mr. CHURCHILL was seen wearing the grim look which normally means that, come the debate, someone is going to "catch it."

Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, it was noted, also wore that expression—suggesting that the Opposition Front Bench was perhaps between two stools. So the House could hardly wait for the morrow.

Wednesday, March 5

The sport of throwing the Opposition to the Churchillian Lion (or watching

House of Commons:
Defence Defended
them throw themselves) has become very popular—at any rate



"There you are. I've always said they only wanted some trifling development to make them dead safe."

with the friends of the Lion. So the House was crowded this afternoon when Mr. C. stalked in to open the debate on the Government's defence plans and to deal with the Opposition's No Confidence motion.

Truth to tell, Mr. C. did not display overwhelming confidence in the Opposition, and fixed on the Front Bench opposite a frosty glance.

But soon afterwards, when he got up to speak, he wore the most benign and, indeed, jovial expression he has shown for a long time. Instead of going into action with a broadsword, as last week (on foreign affairs), he used a rapier. The effect was as deadly, and in a few minutes he had the Opposition roaring with anger, his own side roaring with laughter.

The Prime Minister professed to praise the late Government for its devotion to the cause of defence—including its insistence on conscription in peacetime, and other such items on which there seemed to be no unanimity on the benches opposite. Mr. SHINWELL and Mr. ATTLEE registered annoyance, and after this had been registered also by the back-benches for a time Mr. C. blandly commented that he did not wish to be drawn into an altercation.

He added the opinion that the world would not be drawn into an altercation either, and that one was certainly not inevitable. This gained a general, non-Party, cheer.

Mr. SHINWELL was not in form when he replied. His speech was (as

someone commented) without form and void. Parts of it produced a cry of "Liar!" which was withdrawn on the command of the Chair, but by then most of the benches were untenanted, so the scene did not develop.

The debate went on for a long time, and late at night fifty-seven Labour Members rebelled against orders to abstain from voting against the Government's White Paper which gave effect to plans initiated by their own Party. To the jeers of the Government side, they voted when they should not have done and abstained when they should have voted. Mr. CHURCHILL seemed neither surprised nor displeased by this development. Mr. ATTLEE, on the other hand, seemed to be both.



LA Streetcar Named Desire
Blanche du Bois—VIVIEN LEIGH: Stella Kowalski—KIM HUNTER
Stanley Kowalski—MARLON BRANDO

AT THE PICTURES

A Streetcar Named Desire—The Card

WHAT's all this about "no pity"? The film of *A Streetcar Named Desire* (Director: ELIA KAZAN) certainly didn't strike me as the utterly cold-hearted exercise in the sordid that some people seem to consider it, and I think pity is constantly implied and aroused. To be sure, it isn't a pleasant or delicate story, though often harshly amusing in detail: its basic theme is simply the bitter conflict between a brutal, suspicious, handsome oaf and what used to be called a "decayed gentlewoman" who has been sexually promiscuous, and it is obvious enough from the beginning that the man will win. But VIVIEN LEIGH as the silly, fluttery, irritating, posturing woman does succeed in making the character pathetic, and the final scene ("All my life I have depended on the kindness of strangers") seemed to me quite powerfully effective. I would say this is the best thing Miss LEIGH has ever done in films. But as a film of course the piece is not by rigid standards satisfactory, because it tells its story just as a play tells it; I didn't see the play, but the fact is rather advertised by the camera's habit of exploring every corner of its limited scene. The odd way in which one keeps being reminded, by general situation-pattern and character-relation if not by detail, of the same

author's *The Glass Menagerie* also somehow brings the stage to mind, because that film so obviously proclaimed its stage origin. All the same, the important point is whether the picture holds the attention in a not ignoble way ("entertains" seems a questionable word to use in this instance), at the same time presenting characters in some way remarkable and implying a grasp of human troubles and a humane attitude towards them; and I think it does all these things. The acting is splendid. MARLON BRANDO as the ape-like Kowalski gives a first-rate, often grimly funny portrait of a selfish brute, and as his unwillingly infatuated wife, the most normal and sympathetic figure in the story, KIM HUNTER is admirable and refreshing.

Apart from its inconclusive, episodic, diffuse character as a story, the film of ARNOLD BENNETT's *The Card* (Director: RONALD NEAME) suffers from the radical deficiency that the personage portrayed by ALEC GUINNESS, cheeky, bright, amusing and inventive though he is, fails to display the true (and not briefly definable) qualities of a "card" at all. This is hardly a card in BENNETT's sense but only in the diluted sense of these days, when people will call a man a card if he puts his hat on back to front or

makes a facetious remark. There should be, surely, more than a hint of sharp practice in the way a card makes money; but from this film you'd never know he need be anything but unusually lucky. He has a bright idea, puts it into effect, and all goes right—the money or whatever he wants falls into his lap. However, it's long since I read the book and perhaps in this particular I'm being unfair. A more profound fault is that the piece doesn't work up to anything: Denry's mayoral beam at the fade-out seems a fairly unimpressive climax even though he has his arm round Nellie Cotterill. The truth about these situations perhaps is that they need the knowing witticisms of BENNETT himself to explain them and drive in their significance, if they are not to seem tame. But the film is quite a gay trifle, with a good deal of incidental fun.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, also, there is an earnest version of T. S. ELIOT's *Murder in the Cathedral*, which seems to be not so much a film as a determined effort to make you listen to the words with even less visual distraction than the stage version offers. A good real film: *Wild Boy*, or *Le Garçon Sauvage* (5/3/52).

Best release is *The African Queen* (16/1/52), admirable except for the ending.

RICHARD MALLETT



Denry—ALEC GUINNESS

(The Card)

AT THE PLAY

Nightmare Abbey (WESTMINSTER)—*Red Letter Day* (GARRICK)
The High Bid (NEW BOLTONS)

AS a lover of Peacock I believed it next to impossible to transfer to the theatre the literary subtleties of *Nightmare Abbey*, which are contained in talk of a very recondite order, taking off the funeral romanticism, the German philosophic bores, and all the rest of the intellectual freaks who made the beginning of the nineteenth century such a happy hunting ground for a collector of eccentric character. But I had forgotten how much of the novel is cast in carefully dramatic dialogue; and I was unaware of Mr. ANTHONY SHARP's skill as an adapter. He has captured the elusive essence of Peacock quite surprisingly, being, apparently without effort, extremely faithful to Peacock's own words. Little of the story is missing, and none of its flavour. "Mr. Larynx, the amiable vicar, is a casualty, and so, perhaps more regrettably, is Mr. Asterias, the ichthyologist whose line was mermaids; but the other notables gathered among the cobwebs of the Abbey to bolster their gloom with Madeira and shatter their remaining illusions on the rocks of love are here and large as life. Full marks go to Mr. SHARP, and marks as full to Mr. JOHN FERNALD, whose production is exactly right—avoiding

burlesque, leaving farce mainly to the servants, and using music and mime most happily. Mr. PAUL MAYO's background of mortuary Gothic could not be bettered.

For some so airy a joke may prove a little extended, but my slight doubts towards the end of the first half were quickly blown away in the second, when the action speeded up as *Scythrop*, torn between two girls so different, finds his situation becoming desperate. *Scythrop* is beautifully played by Mr. ALAN MACNAUGHTAN, with passion and without a smile. To his father, that sad hospitable man of "atrabilarious temperament," Mr. CHARLES LLOYD PACK gives solidity and an effective whiff of suppressed humour. Mr. GEOFFREY DUNN, Mr. RICHARD WARNER and Mr. DONALD ECCLES lovingly fill in portraits of Mr. *Listless*, Mr. *Flosky* and Mr. *Hilary*; *Marionetta* and *Stella* are sharply contrasted by Miss VALERIE HANSON and Miss ANNE TREGO; and Mr. GERALD CROSS's decrepit butler has a knee action in keeping with the architecture. For anyone who likes Peacock this is a hilarious evening of the keenest pleasure.

Red Letter Day, by Mr. ANDREW ROSENTHAL, has I think been overpraised. Certainly there are amusing



[Red Letter Day
 Lora Sutherland—Miss FAY COMPTON

moments, but the wit is insufficient to carry the artificiality of the emotions. Perhaps in America, where it is set, so enormous a fuss about the depressing aspects of a woman's fiftieth birthday may have more reality than it has here, where most women of fifty now look forty and stand up stoutly to lives of non-stop activity. One should be able to believe in the characters of a comedy; these people seem to be cut neatly out of cardboard for the sake of a theme with no weight. Miss FAY COMPTON, Miss NORA SWINBURNE, Mr. HUGH WILLIAMS and others decorate the cardboard adequately, but the acting is not exciting.

Balked as a dramatist while alive, HENRY JAMES has lately triumphed on the stage via his novels. Now we are reminded that he could write wordy but very witty comedy, by *The High Bid*, in which Miss HERMIONE HANNEN and Mr. HUGH BURDEN considerably distinguish themselves.

Recommended

For fine acting, *Waters of the Moon* (Haymarket), a medium reflection of Chekhov. For pungent social criticism, *Women of Twilight* (Vaudeville), also well acted. For a savoury to a good dinner, *The Lyric Revue* (Globe). ERIC KEOWs



[Nightmare Abbey
 Mr. *Gloury*—Mr. CHARLES LLOYD PACK; *Marionetta*—Miss VALERIE HANSON
Scythrop Gloury—Mr. ALAN MACNAUGHTAN; *Raven*—Mr. GERALD CROSS

BOOKING OFFICE

That Ticket to Moscow

Chekhov the Dramatist. David Magarshack. John Lehmann, 21/-

Nikolai Gogol. Janko Lavrin. Sylvan Press, 12/6

CHEKHOV's plays are unquestionably among the most elusive, as well as among the most satisfying, to produce. The enthusiasm of amateurs for "The Three Sisters" can have very painful results, but so can the more elaborate efforts of professional producers. It is chiefly to demolish the idea that Chekhov was the apostle of the ineffectual, the high priest of frustration, that Mr. David Magarshack has written *Chekhov the Dramatist*, and in this full and interesting examination of Chekhov's development, from a conventional playwright to one who was concerned not so much with what his characters did as with what life did to them, he brings reasonable arguments to support his theory that the four great plays of the later period carry a positive message of hope.

English producers, says Mr. Magarshack, have been misled into creating for these plays an atmosphere of static gloom not only by the obstinacy of Stanislavsky and the other directors of the Moscow Art Theatre, who were convinced they knew more of Chekhov's mind than he did himself, but also by the loss in translation of many pregnant undertones in the dialogue, which is rich in literary allusion; and they have also failed to grasp the importance of the change in Chekhov's outlook during the seven-year gap which separated his early direct-action plays from the series that began with "The Seagull." His decision to abandon objectivity in favour of a moral purpose was vital. "He who is sincerely convinced," he wrote in 1892, "that higher aims are as unnecessary to man as they are to a cow and that 'our whole misfortune' lies in having those aims, has nothing left but to eat, drink and sleep, and when he gets sick of all that to take a good run and smash his head on the sharp end of a trunk." In this new mood he was determined to replace the merely theatrical by the illumination of inner feeling. "It is necessary that on the stage everything should be as complex and as simple as in life. People are having dinner, and while they're having it, their future happiness may be decided or their lives may be about to be shattered." All this is asking a great deal of the actor. There is of course plenty of action in Chekhov, but more of it remains inside than outside the characters, and he made it clear that he wanted it expressed by quiet and natural means and not by extravagant gesture. At so difficult a game only very accomplished players, superbly directed, can hope to succeed.

This book, which draws widely on Chekhov's own writing about his work, helps us to bring his ideas into better perspective, and producers should find that it clears up some at any rate of their problems. Its tables of the many amendments to particular passages,

for instance, admirably illustrate his fundamental change of technique. But persuasive as Mr. Magarshack is, he carries his main argument rather far. One can agree that the point of "The Three Sisters" lies not in their depression at failing to go to Moscow but in the courage with which they face reality at the end, but surely it is too much to claim that their final chorus is "a gay affirmation of life"? It strikes me as a very sombre kind of gaiety.

The more one reads about Chekhov, the more engaging he becomes as a person. I wish it were the same with Gogol, that devil-haunted, self-persecuted man who could write "The Government Inspector" and "Dead Souls" and yet talk and behave like a lunatic. Professor Janko Lavrin is one of those critics who apply psycho-analysis enthusiastically to literature, and is at home with such things as father-imagos, dream-symbolism and the primitive collective Unconscious; when he forgets them, however, he gives a sound estimate of Gogol's greatness and weakness, in *Nikolai Gogol*, a book awkwardly sprinkled with slang but compressing much information within a small compass.

ERIC KEOWNS

The Youthful Queen Victoria: A Discursive Narrative. Dornier Creston. Macmillan, 30/-

If it were only for its incontrovertible proof that justice is more engrossing than prejudice, Miss Creston's portrait of the unmarried Victoria and her circle would be a memorable piece of biography. So much compassionate insight has gone to a theme that has suffered equally from adulation and mockery, that not only the Queen but her relatives, friends and enemies—and the country that was in two very different minds about her more than once in her reign—come uniquely alive. The Palace racket about the luckless Flora Hastings



"You'll find it applies almost equally well to husbands."

shows the Queen at her most foolish; and proves that Victoria's headstrong nature needed the sagacious masculine control, tempered by masculine affection, that she found and appreciated in "Uncle Leopold," Melbourne and Prince Albert. The two latter are superb portraits—Melbourne standing for the world behind Victoria, Albert for the world ahead of her, with probity and chivalry in common.

H. P. E.

Musical Britain, 1951. Compiled by the Music Critic of "The Times." Oxford University Press, 21/-.

In the summer of 1951 England, "the land without music," became overnight the land of too much. With music and ever more music being performed by amateurs and professionals all over the country, nobody could possibly go to hear *everything*—nobody, that is, but the hydra-headed music critic of *The Times*. He, commanding as he did twelve pairs of ears and a corresponding number of feet, was omnipresent and omni-audient while the Festival raged through the land. Pistol shots in the Festival Hall, Handel's "Water Music" in a downpour on the Avon, a new symphony by Fricker at Liverpool, opera, ballet, oratorio, song—he heard, appraised and with scholarly discrimination recorded them all day by day in the columns of our contemporary. All the notices are now

reprinted in a well-produced volume, enabling us to recall past pleasures and congratulate ourselves on not a few lucky escapes.

D. C. B.

The Offshore Light. Pamela Frankau. Heinemann, 12/6

In her latest novel Miss Pamela Frankau has invented an island—a kind of Utopia, possessing the matter (scientifically discovered and honourably guarded) wherewith to wreck the world. She has given it a Guardian—a man who, as a diplomat, mingles with the world. There is, at first, no legal currency in the island, but money arrives there, and the desire for power crops up. Some of the analogies are obvious, but the book is as difficult to read as it must have been to write. It is a stimulating and interesting tract for the times, but it lacks the essential simplicity of parable. All the same, it is probably the most ambitious and certainly the best-written story that its very competent author has produced so far.

B. E. B.

SHORTER NOTES

The Pencil of God. Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin. Gollancz, 10/6. Brilliant, deceptively simple tale of the degeneration of a prosperous but incontinent Haitian business man when his neighbours conspire to accuse him of witchcraft. Particularly commended to all who aspire to understand Colonial peoples.

Showboats. Philip Graham. University of Texas Press: Nelson, 25/-. Scholarly, sometimes too scholarly, account of the floating theatres that carried vaudeville and drama along the American rivers. Full of detailed information about owners, boats and programmes. Being a professor, the author represses sentimentalism; but occasionally nostalgia irradiates the facts.

The Deadweight. Wayland Hilton-Young. Cresset Press, 10/6. The story of a woman who believes that she brings misfortune to everyone she loves. Tenderly and sensitively observed, and expertly written.

The Double Door. Theodora Keogh. Peter Davies, 10/6. Mrs. Keogh's first novel. "Meg," was a most promising study of American adolescence. It had originality, pity and discipline. Now the frankness has degenerated into a squishy sordidness and the individual vision into a fashionable symbolism. The misuse of talent is made the more distressing by occasional passages of brilliant invention and perception.

In Vallombrosa. David Mathew. Collins, 10/6. The flotsam and jetsam of English society are now, it seems, back in Florence—much as they were before the war; and perfect fodder for a novel of the Waugh-Greene school. The climax of its typical *mariage de convenance* is untypically satisfying.

The House of Coalport, 1750-1950. Compton Mackenzie. Collins, 16/-. An interesting and instructive history of the celebrated Coalport china, from the earliest potting-shed in Shropshire to the new factory at Stoke-on-Trent. The many fine illustrations include colour photographs of such distinguished designs and "Export Only" pieces as "Indian Tree," "Willow Pattern" and "Tantallon Castle."

A Pictorial History of the Movies. Deems Taylor, Marcelene Peterson and Bryant Hale. Allen and Unwin, 25/-. Three hundred and sixty big pages of stills from celebrated U.S. films from 1893 to 1949 (the only non-American ones mentioned seem to be *Henry V* and *Hamlet*). The pictures are very interesting reminders, but the captions are chatty, facetious and completely uncritical, almost on the fan-magazine level.

Mrs. McGinty's Dead. Agatha Christie. Crime Club, 9/6. Poirot unravels a somewhat tangled web to the satisfaction of all but the murderer. Typical Christie village seethes with hidden pasts, terror-stricken presents and uncertain futures. Not one of the classic plots but a reliable minor work.



"You will write, won't you?"

IF IT COMES TO THAT

READING in the papers on a single day (a) that a new TV series by an ace script-writer was a flop and (b) that over one thousand writers—including famous playwrights—had applied for thirty vacancies in the B.B.C.'s television script-writing course, the rest of the alphabet came to me in a vision as follows:

(c) The winners of an amateur script-writing contest challenge the trained script-writers, programme by programme.

(d) The newspapers hold a television critics' contest.

(e) The winners of the critics' contest challenge the proper critics

(f) on programmes written by trained script-writers, and

(g) in a return bout on programmes written by script-contest winners.

(h) Any actors or actresses who have been incidentally dragged into the fray arrange to out-act any team of stage aspirants brought along by

(i) the real critics,

(j) the amateur critics,

(k) the trained script-writers,

(l) the script-contest winners.

(m) Muffin the Mule invited to mime something on behalf of viewers too young to write what they think.

(n) Grand Quiz Night of all previous competitors on the question of what Muffin's movements meant.

(o) The actors' unions oppose the musicians' unions, to see which can pay best lip-service to the audience's interests.

(p) The writers' clubs clash publicly with B.B.C. executives over terms, with no expressions barred.

(q) "Candid camera" contest: TV cameramen competing for best unrehearsed sneak eavesdrop on V.I.P.s discussing one another and the public.

(r) Sound radio at this point throws in the winners of its own parallel league series to date, for a first answer-back event with TV.

(s) Producers of the films shown on TV called from retirement to compete with modern film producers, the winners to challenge

(t) the winners of the sound radio disc-jockeys *versus* Housewives, Forces, Third Programme, Schools and Up-your-garden-paths knock-out tournament.

(u) The news announcers compete with newsreel producers and journalists to out-report one another on the progress of all the above events.

(v) Votes taken among everybody (if anybody) not taking part, to see whether they agree with

(w) the Gallup Polls', Agony Columns', Readers' Letters', B.B.C. 'phone calls', Astrologers' and Hyde Park Hole and Corner Mongers' consensus of opinion.

(x) Top-level talks begin in London and Washington to see whether American sponsored programmes can lend us a few more ideas to keep the ball rolling.



"There—you see what happens to people who won't finish up their rice pudding."

(y) Technicians *versus* Inventors' Clubs, refereed by Patent Office.

(z) Phonetic alphabet demonstrators, using giant neon blackboard, challenge Basic Englishmen, Esperantists, poster artists and town criers, on an arena of ice specially seeded upon the surface of Boulder Dam by jet helicopters, with an invited audience slung across it on a tightrope, protected by a cable net knitted by the world's best oarsmen after an eating contest.

What can the Russians bring up against that?

TABLE-TALK

IV

I'M bright to-night, I'm ripe for repartee;

But this sour type dumped next to me

Won't play his part;

He's brooded from the start

As though on some dark crime, some hidden shame.

I wish at least he'd give the thing a name.

Ah, wait!

He seems to be confiding to his plate—

The spirit's willing though the voice is weak—

"In rising . . . rising to propose . . ." Oh, come,

Of course he's dumb—

The poor man's got to *speak*!

THE PASSING YEARS

"It's funny how we always used to quarrel when we were children, isn't it?" my mother remarked, offering the cakes to Aunt Edna.

"All families do," said Aunt Edna, "when they are young. When they are grown up things sort themselves out."

"Maybe it's because then they don't see so much of each other," my mother said.

"Yes," said Aunt Edna.

"Have I changed much, do you think?" my mother asked casually.

"I don't think so, dear," answered Aunt Edna carefully. "Have I?"

"Not really," my mother said. Suddenly she laughed, lightly and with delight. "Do you know," she said, "I still have a small scar on my neck where you bit me when we stayed with Great-aunt Sarah? We were about nine or ten, I think."

"Really?" Aunt Edna raised hereyebrows. "Are you sure, dear?"

"Oh yes," My mother smiled. "Don't you remember? We went for Easter, just we two. The others stayed at home, I don't know why. We shared a room."

"Of course," Aunt Edna trifled

with a morsel of cake. "I recall it now. Why did I bite you?"

"You accused me of stealing a bullseye," said my mother. "More tea?"

"No, thank you, dear," said Aunt Edna. "I remember—I had put my bullseye under my pillow, and when I looked it was gone."

"I hadn't taken it, though," my mother said.

There was a little pause;

"Well, it doesn't matter now, does it?" said Aunt Edna. "I believe I *will* have some more tea."

"Of course it doesn't matter, dear," my mother said. "Only I hadn't taken it. Sugar?"

"Thank you, dear. Well, it just wasn't there. That's all I meant."

"As a matter of fact," my mother touched her lips with a wisp of cambrie, "I had my own bullseye wrapped up in my handkerchief. I was saving it for when I went to bed."

"Really?" Aunt Edna sipped her tea. "A wonderful cup of tea," she said.

"Thank you, dear. And when I undid my handkerchief it had gone."

"Your handkerchief?"

"My bullseye."

"That was funny," said Aunt Edna.

"Yes," said my mother.

There was silence.

"Then you bit me," said my mother suddenly.

"You bit me back," replied Aunt Edna.

"Well, you started it," said my mother with spirit. "You bit me first."

"You took my bullseye!"

"I did not! I had my own bullseye, wrapped up in my handkerchief. And it went. I'd like to know where it went!"

They breathed hard, a little flushed. Then Aunt Edna coughed.

"May I have another piece of this wonderful cake, dear?" she asked. "Did you make it yourself?"

"Yes—I did, as a matter of fact. Do you like it?"

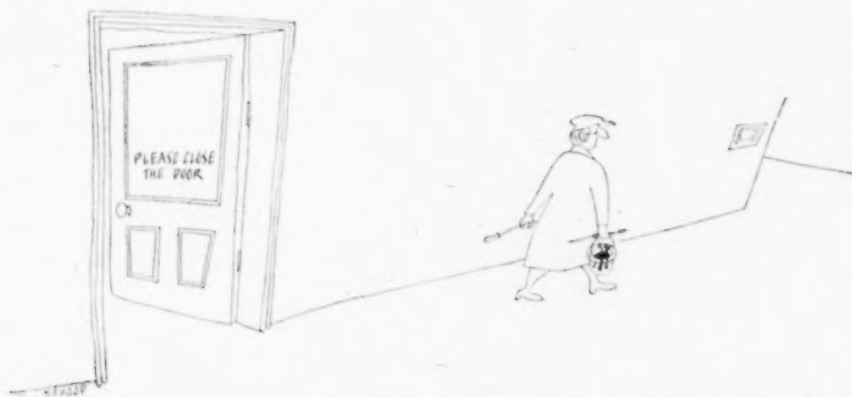
"It's delicious! Do you think I could have the recipe?"

"Of course, dear. But it's not a patch on those you make."

"Oh yes, dear . . ."

"Oh no, dear . . ."

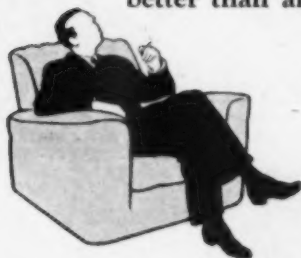
MARJORIE RIDDELL



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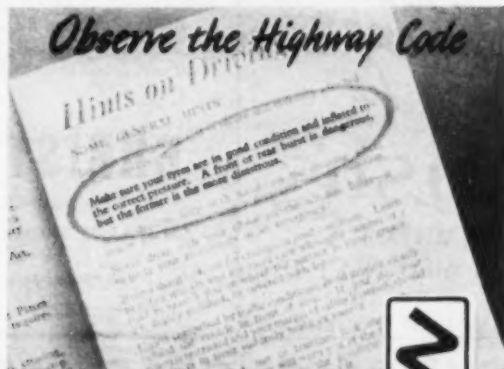
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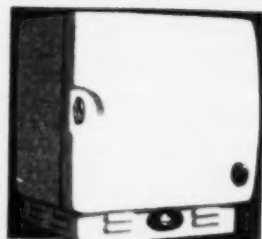
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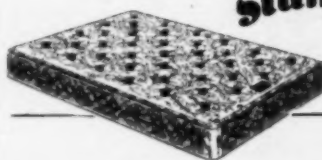
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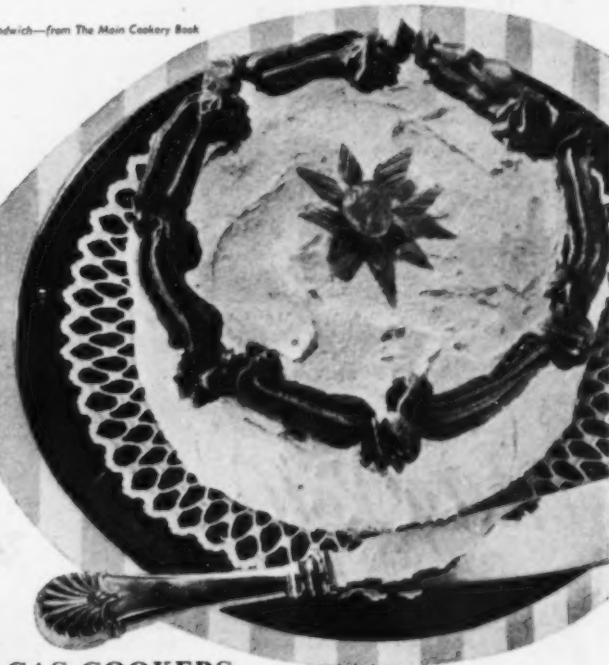
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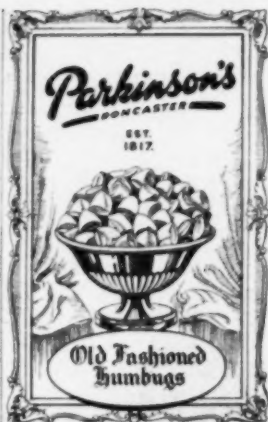
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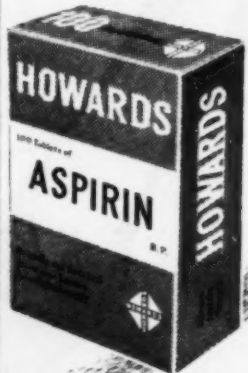
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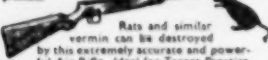
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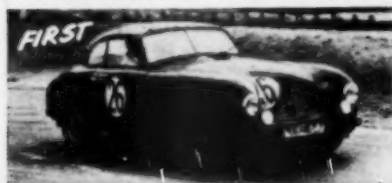
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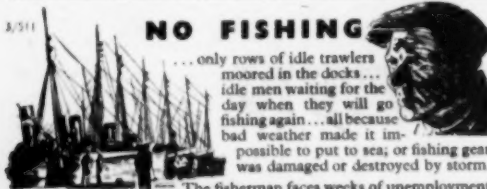
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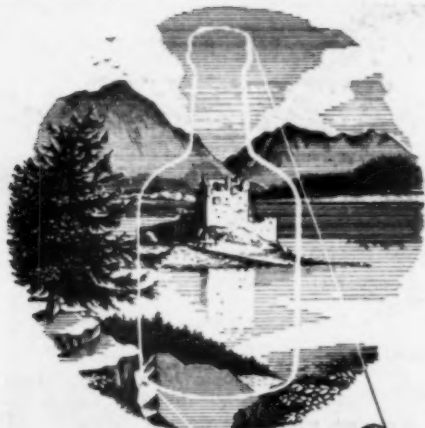

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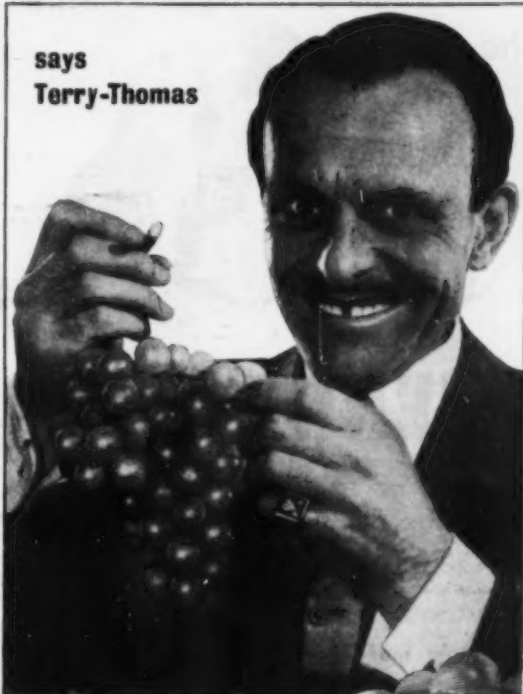
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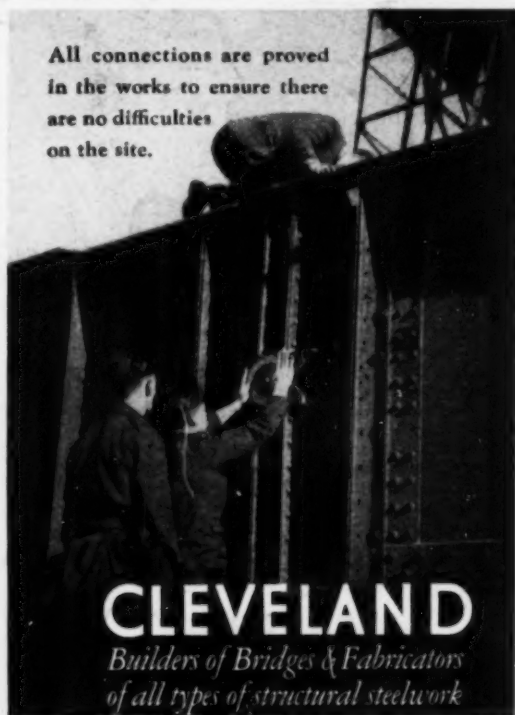
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SIX VACUUM PACKED TOBACCOS BY DOBIE OF PAISLEY

It's a shocking business Testing Springs!



We start off by choosing a pot-hole in a road. Our engineers take a stony-hearted joy in picking out really spiteful ones, the ideal pot-hole being the sort that makes a motorist's vertebrae sound like a game of dice.

Then we take an actual cast of the pot-hole in plaster. When this gets to the works we make a metal copy of it to fit the revolving drums of the pot-hole machine. Now we can get to business!

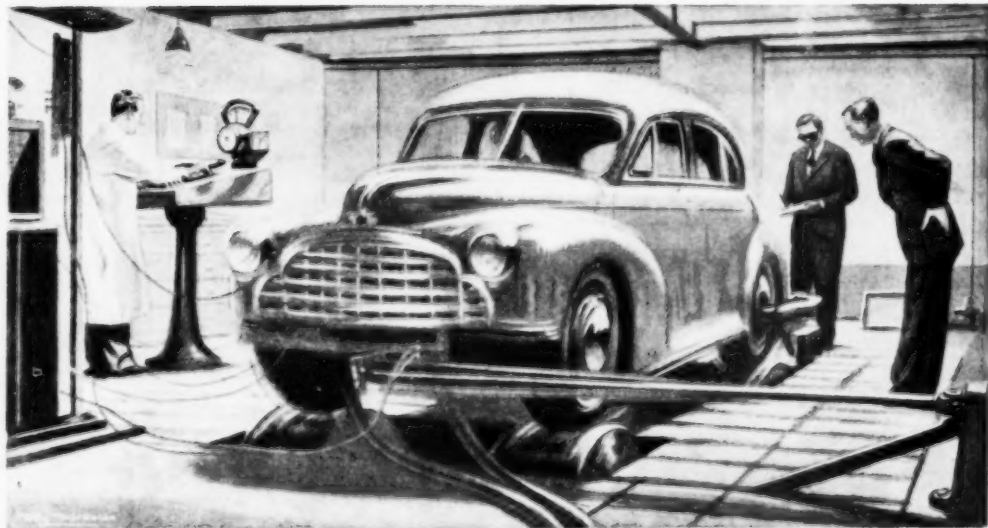
Any one out of hundreds of Nuffield vehicles on

the production line is liable to be kidnapped and "taken for a ride" on the tester, as our large illustration shows. Into a couple of days are packed all the jolts, jars and shocks that a car is likely to meet in five years' driving. If its suspension can stand that, it can stand anything short of going over a precipice.

And the reason for all this? It is just another test to ensure that quality is never left to chance, to ensure that Nuffield products can compete in the markets of the world. And compete they do! In

1950 and 1951 they earned £77,000,000 of foreign currency!

Which is, of course, another good reason for collecting malicious-looking pot-holes!



Nothing is ever left to chance - by
NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

MORRIS · WOLSELEY · RILEY · M.G. · MORRIS-COMMERCIAL VEHICLES
NUFFIELD UNIVERSAL TRACTORS · S.U. CARBURETTORS · MORRIS MARINE ENGINES

Overseas business: Nuffield Exports Limited, Cowley, Oxford; and at 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

